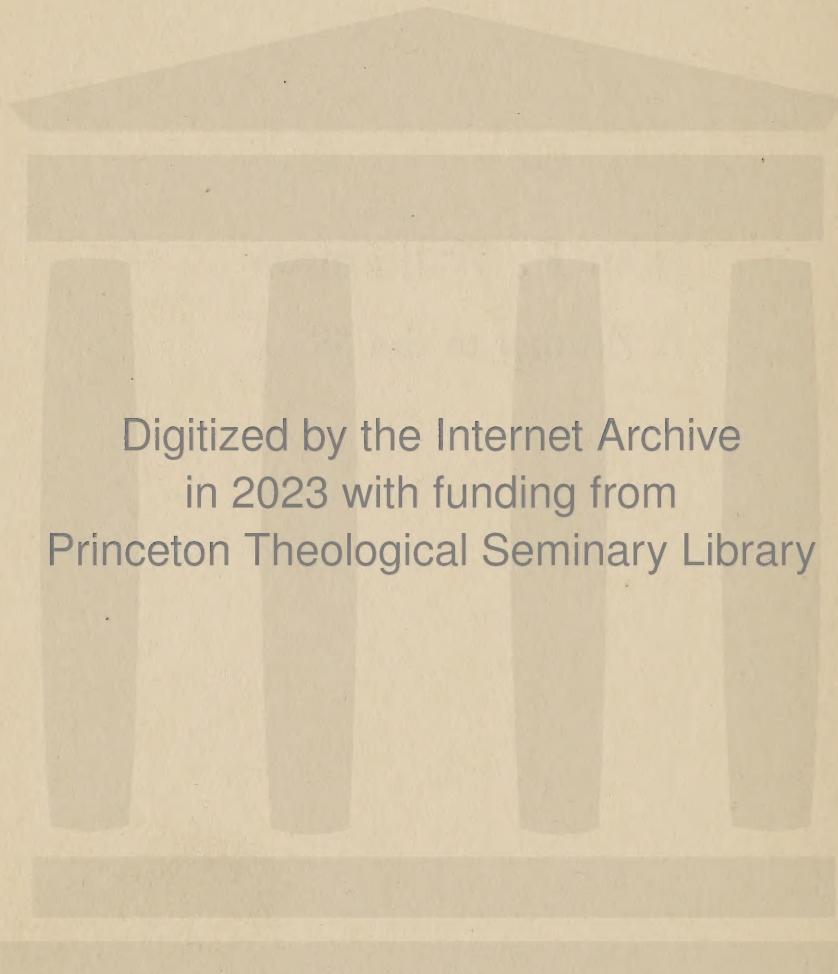


JOHN P. WILLIAMSON

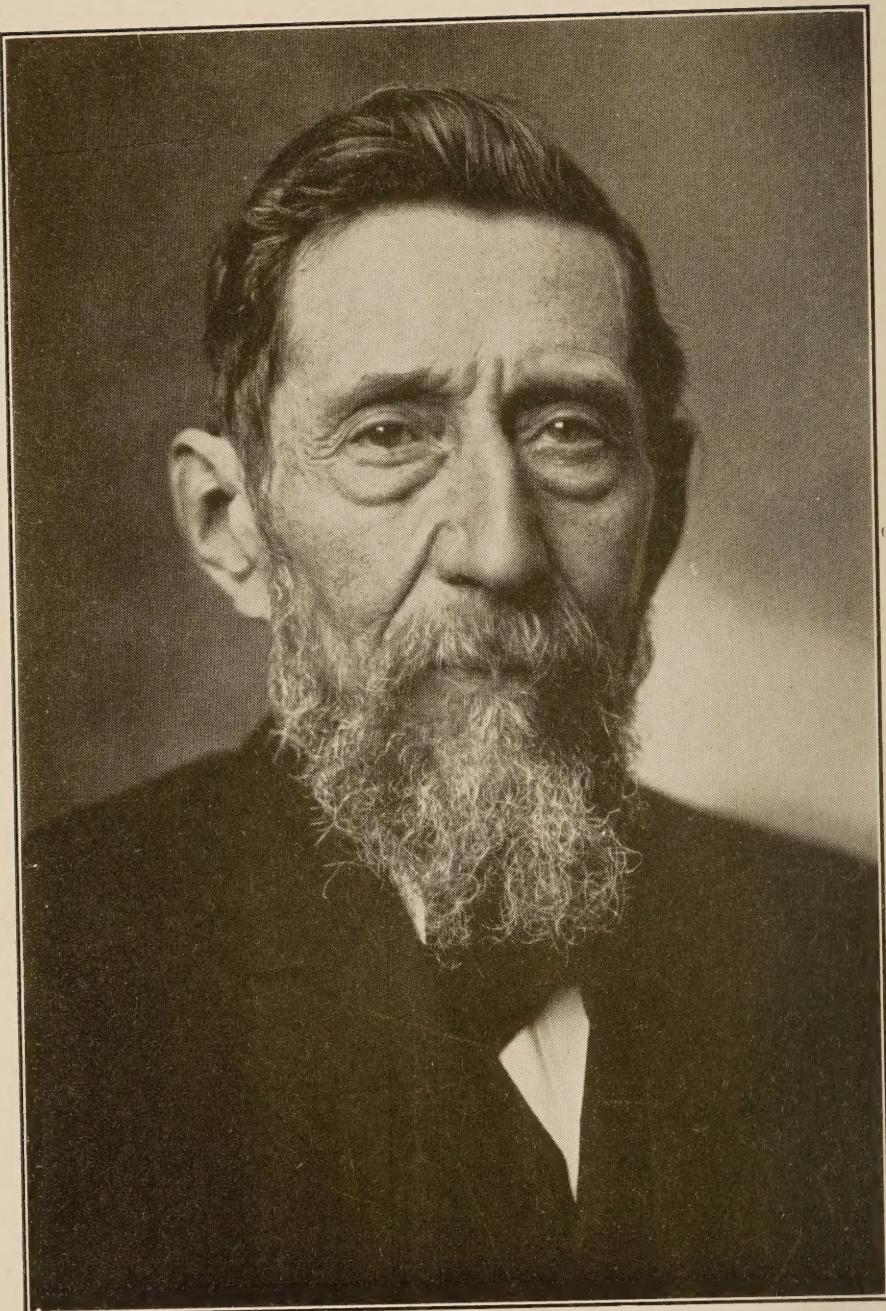
A Brother to the Sioux



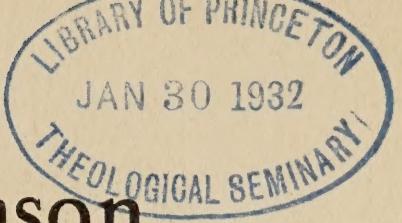


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John Williamson



John P. Williamson

A Brother to the Sioux

By ✓
WINIFRED W. BARTON

Drawings by JOHN REDOWL



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Foreword

BETWEEN our modern Christian civilization and the primitive barbarism of the Red Men of the plains, there has seemed to be a Great Gulf fixed. There was a Way across, but in order that the Indian might find and walk this Way, it was necessary that there should be, not only those who could point the Way, or even lead in it, but some one was needed to take him by the hand, and in patience and love, walk with him.

Much of the reserve and so-called indifference of the Indian was due to his being in the presence of something he did not understand. He needed some one who understood him and his difficulties, to explain the unknown. Such a one John P. Williamson, by the circumstances of his birth and training, was fitted to be, and the story of these pages tells how he fulfilled his mission in being a Brother to the Sioux.

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I

BOYHOOD DAYS

“ What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith’s pure shrine,” for the Indian.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

IN the spring of 1835 there might have been seen on the deck of a steamboat ascending the Mississippi River a little company of people who seemed to be different from the usual travellers of that time. They did not look like Indian traders. Neither were they officers’ families. Who were they ?

Several years before, in his home in Ripley, Ohio, Dr. Thomas S. Williamson had heard the call to preach the Gospel to the Indians of the Northwest. He at first was unwilling to go. He had not the wanderlust of the early explorers and to leave his happy home and his successful practice of medicine did not appeal to him as being desirable. There were three little children in the family. It did not seem that it would be right to take them to an unknown land, away from all advantages of education.

The Journey

God removed this seeming obstacle. Within a short time the three little ones were all gathered to their heavenly home.

Soon after this Dr. Williamson made his decision and moved with his family to Cincinnati to take theological training in Lane Seminary. In the summer of 1834 he made a trip under the auspices of the American Board, to visit the Indians of the Upper Mississippi, and went as far as Fort Snelling. He was especially impressed with the needs of the Sioux or Dakota Indians.

On his return trip, at Prairie du Chien, he met Joseph Renville, a French half-breed trader, who had learned something of Christianity through a French Bible that had fallen into his hands. Mr. Renville was at once interested in Dr. Williamson's plan and invited him to locate in his village.

So now, to return to the party on the steamboat, we find Dr. Williamson on his way to the Land of the Dakotas, with his wife and little Elizabeth, Miss Sarah Poage, his wife's sister, and Mr. A. G. Huggins and family.

We can imagine the little company on deck as the boat reached the Upper Mississippi, the new country that was to be their country. We can feel their enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, the hills and trees in all their spring-time freshness. Only a few times before they reached Fort Snelling did they see Indians. These were half naked and dirty, not even picturesque, as we like to think of our first Americans.

"Upon reaching Fort Snelling, the location for a station was the first thing to be determined. Fort Snelling was the natural place. The rivers were then the channels for business, and it was at the confluence of all the streams on which lived the Sioux of Minnesota. The Government had already placed there the Indian Agency and the military post for that region. The principal fur company had also just located their supply depot for the traders of the Northwest at that point. A few officers had brought their wives,—the only white women in the country. Fort Snelling was also the only post-office, where they received mail once a month, postage being twenty-five cents" (J. P. W., in "Home Mission Heroes").

But Dr. Williamson decided to locate elsewhere. The American Board had appointed another missionary, Licentiate J. D. Stevens, who was already on his way. Also two remarkable young men had arrived the year before, having come as laymen on an independent mission to bring Christian civilization to the Indians. Their names were Samuel W. and Gideon H. Pond, and both afterwards became ministers. They settled on Lake Calhoun, near Fort Snelling, where they made some progress in teaching the Indians farming, but their greatest work was in the study of the language, which they reduced to writing, giving it an alphabet with characters the same as in the English alphabet. This foundation work was of great value to Dr. Williamson and his associates and it was not long until

the Pond brothers joined with them in the Dakota Mission.

The presence of the Pond brothers and the coming of Mr. Stevens would supply the urgent need at Fort Snelling. Dr. Williamson would leave this field for them. He was much interested in the invitation of Joseph Renville, the French half-breed, who had a trading post at Lacquiparle, two hundred miles west of Fort Snelling. He met him again at this time and he renewed his invitation. The Doctor was assured in his heart that it was God's call. He told Mr. Renville that he would go.

"During his few weeks' stay at Fort Snelling Dr. Williamson was not idle. Quite remarkably,

First Church in
Minnesota Or-
ganized the commandant of the post, Major Loomis, with his wife and daughter, were active Christian workers. He had asked the Pond brothers to come

and hold meetings at the post on the Sabbath. The result was a dozen or more conversions. The timely arrival of an ordained minister suggested the advantages of a church organization. Dr. Williamson accordingly organized the church with twenty-two members, over whom four elders were ordained, one of whom was the commandant, another the head trader of the fur company, and another the older of the Pond brothers. This was the first church organized in what is now the State of Minnesota, and was the genesis of the First Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis" ("Home Mission Heroes").

On the 21st day of June the missionary party left

Fort Snelling for Lacquiparle, the Lake that Talks, two hundred miles up the Minnesota River. Their conveyance was a large lumber wagon bought for the purpose.

The Trip up the River It was found that the first eighty miles was a dense forest through which no road had been cut, but Mr. Renville came to their assistance, offering to take the women and children, and loaded everything except the horses on his Mackinaw flat-boat, which was already well filled with his yearly supply of store goods.

The horses Dr. Williamson took by land. The dozen or more French Canadian voyageurs made slow progress rowing the boat against the current and Dr. Williamson easily made the camps at night. After nine tedious days of this kind of travel they reached a point near St. Peter called Traverse des Sioux where Mr. Renville's caravan of some fifty Red River carts was found waiting. All took to wheels for one hundred and twenty miles over the great rolling prairies to Lacquiparle. After leaving Fort Snelling they saw no house during all of the journey, and no white face except those of their own party.

Mr. Renville's trading post consisted of a cluster of a dozen or more log cabins surrounded by a stockade. He offered the mission party the use of one of these cabins until they could build. It was in this log hut with floor of earth that John Poage Williamson was born, October 27, 1835, being prob-

Birth of John P.
Williamson

ably the first white child born in what is now the State of Minnesota. It bothered him not at all that he was the only white baby within hundreds of miles around. As a boy he was oppressed by the sights and sounds of heathenism, but as a baby he cooed and played as other babies do and smiled happily at the dusky faces at window and door.

Dr. Williamson soon began work on a log house a story and a half high. There was a large flat stone near by, about six by eight feet across the top, which he made up his mind to use as a hearthstone. It was too large to move into a house, as could easily be seen, so he built his house around it. There was a hollow in it about the size of a saucer into which John, as a little boy, used to pour milk for his cat.

Years after, when Dr. Alfred Riggs visited the site of his birthplace and early home, he found the old hearthstone, although the house had long since been destroyed. At considerable trouble and expense he had the stone moved and shipped to his home at Santee, where it may still be seen, in front of the study windows, the hearthstone of the Dakota Mission.

This log house soon sheltered three missionary families, for in September, 1837, Rev. Stephen R. Riggs with his young wife joined the **Reënforcements** Mission and occupied one of the upper rooms. On November first of the same year, Gideon Pond was married to Miss Sarah Poage, and they made their home in one of the

other upper rooms, the third being used as a store-room. Of the two rooms down-stairs, one was Dr. Williamson's home. The other was used for church services and for school.

Into the Riggs family on December 6th was born a son whom they named Alfred, and soon began that attachment between him and John which grew and deepened with the passing years.

Much of the time in those early days was spent by the missionaries in study of the language and in translating the Bible. In this work

*Translating
the Bible* Mr. Renville was of great assistance, though as he did not understand English, his help was necessarily given through the Frecnh. One of the missionaries would read from the French Bible, verse by verse, and Mr. Renville would give the Dakota translation. Dr. Williamson was very painstaking. When he came to a word having more than one meaning, he would use it in different sentences, so as to be sure Mr. Renville understood its real significance. As a part of the work of translation, comparison was made with the original Greek and Hebrew. Thus the Dakota Bible grew, and stands to-day as a model of correct Dakota, as well as of correct Bible.

Within two years after reaching Lacquiparle, Dr. Williamson was preaching in the Dakota language,

*Preaching
and Singing* though it was not until years after that he felt that he had mastered it.

He realized the power of song, and he and the other missionaries early turned their at-

tention to the writing of Dakota hymns, setting them to our familiar hymn tunes. So through the ministry of song, the Gospel was sung into the hearts and minds of the people.

John inherited from his mother a sweet voice and a musical ear. When only a little boy he often accompanied his father on his trips about the camp, to help sing, and started the hymns.

The intense and protracted labour of the early missionaries in learning the language John did not need to know. He learned it as he did his mother tongue, by playing with the little Indian boys about his home. He learned to talk it just as the natives do, an accomplishment which is probably impossible to one who acquires it after childhood's days. And as he learned the language, he learned how an Indian boy feels as well as acts, and acquired the Indian point of view, which was of immense advantage to him in the years to come.

John B. Renville, son of Mr. Renville, who afterwards became the first ordained Indian preacher, was one of his early boyhood friends. Being a little older than John, he was proud to act as his protector, and to initiate him into the mysteries of Indian boyhood.

Sometimes as they were playing, they would hear the creaking of the Red River carts in the distance.

These primitive carts were made entirely of wood and leather, wooden pegs and rawhide thongs being used in lieu of bolts and screws. The creaking could be

Red River Carts



He played with the Indian boys around his home.

heard a mile away. They were used in transporting furs from the North Country. The route from Canada was south along the Red River of the North to Lake Traverse and Big Stone Lake, then followed the Minnesota River across the state to its junction with the Mississippi, where, at Mendota, opposite Fort Snelling, was the trading post of the American Fur Company. The fur trade was the great industry of the Northwest in those days.

When John was about five years old there came to Lacquiparle an interesting visitor, a French scientist from Paris, named Le Marcipeau. He had been sent out to collect specimens from the fauna and flora of western North America. He came to Dr. Williamson, who being interested in the study of plants, was glad to give him quarters for the summer in the smoke-house, not then in use. Le Marcipeau's work in collecting specimens was of great interest to little John, who would follow his new friend around all day. The old man was glad of the companionship of the active child, and found him useful as well, for he was quite willing to wade out into the lake after mussel shells and other specimens.

John had a little pet antelope of which he was very fond. One day it strayed into the smoke-house and lay down. Le Marcipeau did not notice it when he went out, and closed the door. When he returned

the antelope was dead, probably from
The Pet Antelope the odour of a pole cat he had been
dissecting. All efforts to revive it failed. John was broken-hearted over the loss of his



He acquired the Indian point of view.

pet, and lost his interest in scientific explorations for a time.

John's sister Nannie, five years younger than he, was afflicted from birth with disease of the spine. Aunt Jane, Dr. Williamson's younger sister, who joined the Mission when John was nine years old, said that at that time, when the children went out to play, John either carried Nannie or drew her in a little wagon, so that she might join in their games. Thus early did John learn tenderness towards the weak and unfortunate.

Dr. Williamson ministered to the bodies as well as the souls of the people around him. He was often found at the bedside of the sick, **A Medical Mission** and his practice of medicine opened the door to hearts inaccessible to any other way of approach. This was a Medical Mission years before medical missions were recognized by any of the Mission Boards.

It may be that the practice of the healing art had something to do with the wave of unpopularity that began to be manifest by the time John was eight or nine years old. When the missionaries first arrived at Lac-quiparle, the influence of Mr. Renville secured for them a somewhat favourable reception. The Indians did not want the white man's religion and were frankly suspicious as to his motives in coming among them, but they were not aggressively opposed to the missionaries. "Wait and see," seemed to be their motto.

The Beginning
of a Change

The women and children showed their curiosity quite openly and were easily gathered for church services and for school. The men were not so accessible.

When the missionary made a feast, he could count upon a fair proportion of men being present. Upon

**Feasts Draw
the Men** the occasion of the dedication of a new adobe church, built by the missionaries' own hands, Dr. Williamson gave a feast to the men of the camp. A hundred Dakota men gathered in and sat on the flooring timbers, for the floor was not yet laid. They ate their potatoes and bread and soup gladly, and then Dr. Williamson and Dr. Riggs talked to them about Jesus.

As time went on, the medicine men or conjurers, who were also the religious leaders of the tribe, began to see that the white doctor's medicine was more effective than theirs, and that as the people came to know the Doctor and his religion better, their power declined. Like the silversmiths of Ephesus who made silver shrines for Diana, they felt that their craft was in danger. They resolved that they would not tamely submit.

They charged the failure in crops and other misfortunes to the missionaries. One by one the

**The Mission
Boycotted** Mission oxen disappeared, then the horses, and they were reduced to hauling fire-wood with the family cow.

The people were notified that they were not to attend church or school, or go to the Mission house.

Those who disregarded the injunctions were subjected to a petty persecution. Women on their way to church were stopped, and their blankets were cut into shreds. Boys on their way to school had a volley of firearms discharged at their feet. The Mission was boycotted.

The very air seemed to breathe dangers. As the shades of evening gathered, the drum beat would be heard, calling to the scalp dance or other heathen orgy. It was a time of darkness and discouragement.

Dr. Williamson had no intention of giving up the work, but when an invitation came from Little Crow, chief of the Kaposia Band, to establish a mission at his village near St. Paul, he judged that it was God's leading, and to Kaposia he moved his family in November, 1846. There he remained for six years, ministering to the Indians and also to the white people of St. Paul, a settlement of a few years' growth, where the chief articles of trade were furs and fire-water.

At Kaposia John took a boy's interest in watching the young men play lacrosse, the great game of the Minnesota Sioux. The light-footed Kaposians would meet the Wahpetonwans (Leaf Dwellers) or other band in friendly contest, making a midsummer festival of it.

The young men who participated came on to the field with but little clothing, their bodies being painted to represent different objects in nature.

A Change of Location

They were strong and athletic, and some of them acquired great skill. Huntkamaza and Wahinkpe were the champion players. Huntkamaza especially was wonderfully skillful and a great runner, and was known as far west as the Missouri River.

II

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

—*Milton.*

WHEN John was twelve years old he went with his parents to Ohio. The steam-boat journey down the Mississippi River and up the Ohio was full of interest to the wide-awake boy to whom so many impressions were new.

*Going Away
to School* After some visits with relatives, he was left at his grandfather's farm near Manchester, Ohio. His grandfather was dead, but the farm was rented to Mr. Livingstone, whose wife was a distant relative of the family. Whatever feelings John may have had at parting from his parents, he managed to suppress, for he realized that he had come East to get an education, and he knew that there must be no turning back.

*The First Trip
to Mill* Mr. Livingstone felt a responsibility for John's education in practical affairs and soon called on him to take a grist of corn to mill. This was a new experience to John. Mr. Livingstone swung the long sack of corn across Old Sorrel's back and John mounted

with much trepidation. The sack was not tied on, and it seemed to him with every step the horse took that it was about to slide off to the ground. He knew if it did, he could never lift it on again. So it was a careful boy that clung to the horse and sack of corn, up and down the hilly roads until he reached the mill four miles away.

Here the miller relieved him of his load, and he was free to wander about the mill and stream while the corn was being ground. He started on his return trip with a little more confidence but did not relax his vigilance until he turned in at the farmyard gate with his meal sack safe, tired but happy in the success of his undertaking.

When spring came Mr. Livingstone said it was time for John to learn to plow. So he started him out with Old Sorrel as his companion again. There were many stumps and roots, for the old farm had been heavily wooded.

Plowing Around Stumps When the old horse came to one of these roots, he would stop, sometimes so suddenly as to throw the small plowman forward on his face. But he would pick himself up, lift the heavy plow over the root and start the horse on again, perhaps with a thought of the virgin prairies of his native homeland where there were no roots or stumps in the way.

The schoolhouse near the farm where John began his eastern education was a poor old shack even for those days, with clapboard roof which leaked sadly when it rained. The two windows were simply

holes cut in the logs. There was no window glass and when the inclemency of the weather made it necessary to place a board in front of the openings, the light was shut out. The quality of the teaching matched the surroundings. It might have seemed to John that he had come a long way to attend such a school as that, but he took it as a matter of course, as children do, and made the most of his scanty opportunities.

By the next fall, however, he was thought to be old enough and independent enough to go among strangers and was sent to South Salem Academy on the other side of Manchester, some four or five miles away.

South Salem
Academy

This was a fairly well equipped school with real teachers. He became interested in his studies and found some congenial companions among the boys. Here he made the discovery that mathematics was easy for him. Before he left his Minnesota home he had been thoroughly grounded in the elements of arithmetic under the tuition of Aunt Jane, so that to be quick and accurate in figures was no effort to him. Mathematics and Languages were the leading subjects in academy and college curriculums in those days, with little of science or English.

One advantage John enjoyed at South Salem was the instruction of an unusually good music teacher, Mr. Wells. He recognized John's Musical Training musical talent and gave him special attention. John's mother had taught him to sing by the buckwheat notes before he left

home, but Mr. Wells considered buckwheat notes antiquated, and soon taught him to read music by the present system of note reading. John's voice had not changed at the time he was under the training of Mr. Wells, but it became a mellow baritone of wide range, so that he sang either tenor or bass with ease.

While at Lane Seminary he took lessons for a time of William B. Bradbury, the composer of a number of our Gospel hymns, and continued to take advantage of whatever musical opportunities came in his way.

John was always fond of sports and all out-of-door games. He played lacrosse with the Indian boys before he left Kaposia. In academy and college he played baseball, the game being then in its infancy. College athletics had not then assumed the importance that they have to-day, and it was still thought that training the mind was the principal object in going to college.

Athletics During one of John's vacations while in the academy he received an invitation to a wedding. He was delighted at the prospect of an outing and set forth in high spirits on horseback, with his cousin, Miss Mary Ellison. The Ohio roads were none too good in those days [and they soon came to a steep pitch and pool of water. John was perhaps a little vain of his horsemanship and did not go around as he might have done, but urged his horse on to clear the mud-hole at a jump. The horse, however, think-

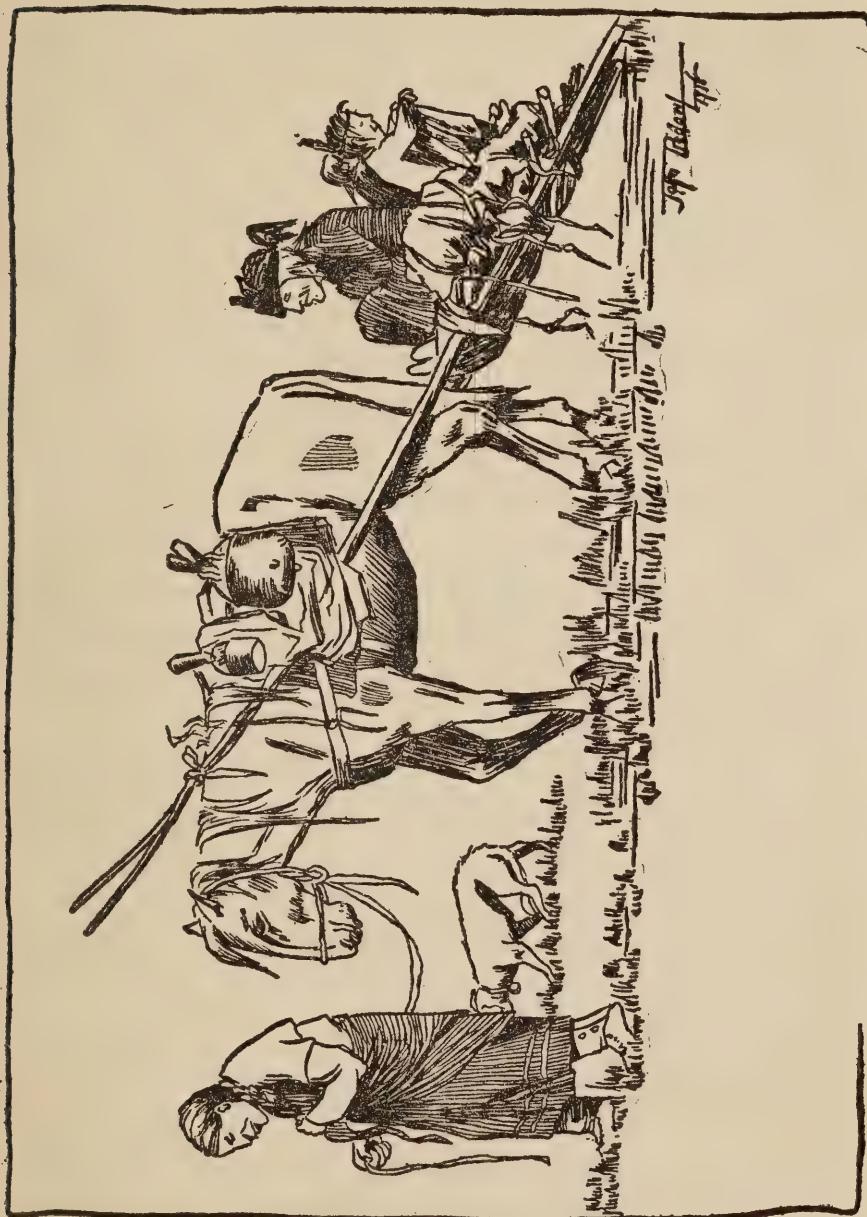
ing it too good an opportunity for a drink to pass, stopped short at the edge of the ditch and lowered his head to the water below. Just then the saddle girth broke, and boy and saddle slipped over the horse's head into the muddy pool.

It was a crestfallen youth that emerged, with Sunday suit, shoes and hat all plastered with mud, and streams of dirty water trickling down his face.

The summer John was in his sixteenth year he returned to the parental home, the first home coming since he started east as a boy of twelve, in quest for knowledge.

This was the year of the famous Treaty of 1851, signed at Traverse des Sioux. Uncle Sam needed more land for his rapidly increasing family, and by the terms of this treaty the Santee Sioux gave up all the woods and streams and fertile valleys of eastern Minnesota and Iowa, their deer parks and the graves of their ancestors, in exchange for a narrow reservation in the less attractive western part of Minnesota, and for promised annuities from the Government.
Treaty of 1851

The Indians did not want to go to the reservation. They did not want to leave the pleasant country where they had so long roamed at will, but they had begun to feel the touch of the Iron Hand, and the next summer they gathered together their few belongings, and slowly and sadly wended their way to the reservation.



Slowly and sadly they wended their way to the Reservation.

To the reservation Dr. Williamson determined to follow the Indians. Two agencies were established, one at each end of the reservation, the Upper Agency called Yellow Medicine, and the Lower Agency called Redwood.

Yellow Medicine was the location chosen for the new home. Several men were hired to build a house. Dr. Williamson told John he might go with them in the capacity of cook if he would take a few lessons in cooking from his mother. John was always ready for any adventure and took up his new duties with energy.

House Building at Yellow Medicine There was no sawmill or lumber yard within reach, so the house was built pioneer fashion, the men cutting down trees, hewing the logs and sawing them by hand into boards.

In the intervals between cooking and dishwashing, John helped the men at their work and began to take lessons in carpentry and building. The practical knowledge he gained in these lines was useful to him in his life-work, when he had houses and churches to build.

Fish or Turnip One afternoon John thought he would go across to the garden which was on the other side of the Minnesota River. So he swam across and found some nice young turnips just ready for using. He thought he would take some over for supper, but how to carry them across the river when swimming was the

question. A bright idea struck him. He would tie the turnip tops together and then tie the string of turnips around his waist. He worked quite a while getting them together, for he had no twine, but he finally considered his turnip string secure, and fastening it around his waist, started to swim the river. He had not gone far when he felt something strike his foot. He thought it must be a fish. Soon he felt another. He wondered if there could be gars in the river. Perhaps it was a school of fish. He struck out with more vigour, but the harder he swam, the more he felt the fish around his feet and ankles.

However, he reached the shore in safety, and congratulated himself upon his escape. Then he bethought himself of his turnips and looked down. What had become of them? Not a sign of turnip or turnip-top was to be seen. Then it came over him in a flash that it was the turnips dropping about his feet that he had mistaken for fish.

The joke was on him but he thought it too good to keep and told it to the men at supper time. They were greatly amused and chaffed him a good deal about not being able to tell fish from turnips.

John did not return to school until late that fall. He stayed to help his parents move and get settled.

A Wheatless Winter

A Wheatless Winter in their new home at Yellow Medicine. That was a hard winter. The house was not finished inside when cold weather came on, and the icy winds swept through it. The important supplies from the East

failed to arrive. They were out of flour and sugar. Every day was a wheatless day and a sugarless day and the majority of the days were meatless days as well. Potatoes formed their chief article of diet. Fortunately they had a good supply.

Dr. Riggs in "Mary and I" makes mention of this time:

"In December the storms were incessant and the snow became very deep, at which time the Doctor's men were toiling against odds, endeavouring to bring up provisions to the family on the Yellow Medicine.

"When they were more than forty miles away, their teams gave out and were buried in the snow. The men, both frozen badly, Mr. Andrew Hunter, much maimed, barely succeeded in reaching the Mission. How the family were to winter through was not apparent, but the Lord provided.

"Unexpectedly the Indians found fish in the river, and Mr. Adams, with a young man, worked his way down from Lacquiparle and carried them what provision they could on a hand-sled. Thus they weathered the terrible winter."

When John started to Ohio to school again, he went in company with William Ellison, who was also going East to school. They walked from Traverse to St. Paul, a distance of forty miles, in two days. Here they took passage on a steamboat for St. Louis. The winter closed in unusually early, and by the time they reached Galena, the ice was running so thick

and fast that the boat was unable to proceed further, and tied up for the winter. So here the two friends were left stranded. To add to the difficulty of the situation, William Ellison was taken sick with a fever.

It was a severe test to a boy of seventeen to be left to his own resources in a strange frontier town,

Resourcefulness Developed with winter coming on, money nearly gone and a sick comrade on his hands.

There was no long distance 'phone by which he could call up his father and ask that funds be placed to his credit at the bank. He knew his father could spare him no more money even if he could reach him.

Humanly speaking there was no one but himself to depend upon. So he learned resourcefulness.

The shack of a hotel which they had selected as their stopping place because it seemed best adapted to the slender state of their finances, was a wretched affair, where they had not even a room to themselves away from the rough crowd that frequented it. There were no comforts for the invalid, who seemed to be growing worse instead of better. What could be done?

John recalled that his old friend Mr. Livingstone had moved from Ohio to Illinois. He had settled on a farm near La Salle. That was 150 miles away, but he was their nearest acquaintance, and John determined to take his sick friend there although the doctor he had called in advised against it. After making a number of inquiries he found a man who would take them for what they could pay, and they

started on their five days' trip, the sick man lying on a bed of straw in the bottom of the wagon.

Strange to say, he survived the journey, and under the careful nursing of Mrs. Livingstone, soon began to recover.

John was glad to learn that there was a good school near by, as he had no funds to carry him farther. It was Mount Palatine, a Baptist academy, located three or four miles from Mr. Livingstone's farm. There he attended that winter, working for his board.

This was at the time of the first railroad building in the Middle West, and in the spring of that year grading was begun by the Illinois Central Railroad about three miles from the Livingstone place.

John happened to be with Mr. Livingstone one day when he went by the Irish graders' camp. They saw the farm wagon and came running up to see if he had any potatoes. This gave John an idea, and he said to Mr. Livingstone, "I wish I could raise some potatoes this summer to Peddling Potatoes feed those Irishmen." Mr. Livingstone said, "Well, John, there is that two acre patch over on the hill. You can have that for potatoes, and can have the team when I am not using it."

John was delighted with the prospect of earning some money and went to work with a will. That crop of potatoes was thoroughly tended and cultivated, and he was rewarded with an unusually large yield of fine potatoes.

When he took his first load to the graders' camp and called out, "Potatoes, potatoes," the Irishmen came running from all over the camp, with buckets, pans and sacks in which to carry away the highly prized potatoes.

John found a ready market there for all his crop. The price he received was not large, only twenty-five to thirty-five cents a bushel, but the proceeds of the crop netted some forty or fifty dollars, which was a great help towards his next year's schooling. A dollar went farther in those days than it does to-day. Still he found in the fall that he did not have enough to make the trip to Ohio and pay for a year's tuition.

He had been reading in Mr. Livingstone's weekly paper, *The Watchman of the Valley*, about Knox

Knox College College at Galesburg not far away, and he decided to go there. He entered the freshman class with thirty-two members, the largest class that had enrolled up to that time, and an unusually strong, brainy class, a number of whom attained distinction in later years. John enjoyed the stimulating atmosphere, favourable to mental effort, and the companionship of congenial fellow students.

Early the second year he was seized with a severe attack of typhoid fever. There was no hospital, no trained nurse. But the president of his class, William H. Porter, called the class together and said, "He is our classmate. It is our duty to take care of him," and he arranged that one of the

class should always be with him, and that two should stay in the room at night, taking turns, one watching while the other slept on the couch. William Porter was always on hand to see that no one forgot or failed to report at the appointed time.

John hovered between life and death for several weeks and then he began to come back to health and strength. God had a work for him to do.

In the latter part of this year there was quite an upheaval in college circles, caused by the institution

**Change to
Marietta College** being changed from Presbyterian to Congregational control. This change did not meet with the approval of a majority of the students and many of them left, not to return.

Out of John's class, the sophomore, only eight returned out of the thirty-two, and of these only six of the original number remained to graduate.

John was one of those who left the college, together with his brother Andrew who had joined him there the second year.

They succeeded in raising enough money to take them to Ohio, and the next fall entered Marietta College, matriculating in the junior class. Here they remained until they graduated, with the class of 1857.

John's vacations while attending Marietta College were spent at the home of Dyer Burgess, a somewhat noted abolitionist of that time, **Dyer Burgess** whose views on the subject of slavery were considered by his neighbours to be very extreme. He was a man fifty years in ad-



John as a College Student.

vance of his time. His advanced ideas could not fail to impress John, who was already by inheritance a son of freedom. His grandfather, William Williamson, was an original abolitionist and had moved from South Carolina to southern Ohio in 1805 for the purpose of liberating his slaves. This was fifty-eight years before Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

The question of ways and means was an important one during all the school and college years.

*Financing a
College Course* Dr. Williamson, during the years John was in school, never received a salary of more than \$300 a year, and out of this he paid for medicines and medical supplies for the Indians and for his travelling expenses. The garden helped out some but what they received from it was probably more than counterbalanced by the food they gave to the Indians, who were very poor at that time.

So it can readily be seen that it was impossible for him to devote much in a financial way to the education of his children. Still he did not give up the idea that an education was one of the essentials, and in one way or another, each of the three sons who grew to manhood completed a college course.

During nearly all of John's school years, he succeeded in finding a place where he could work for his board. His vacations were spent mostly in farm work which brought in something to apply on his tuition. He formed no expensive habits, was not too proud to wear old clothes and was always on the lookout for odd jobs.

The summer after John graduated from Marietta College he spent at home at Yellow Medicine. Miss Maggie Voris and another cousin **A Happy Summer** came out from Ohio for a visit. Alfred Riggs with a college friend was also at home at Hazelwood, two miles away, and the young people of the two families spent a pleasant summer together.

This was the summer after the Spirit Lake Massacre and the excitement had not yet subsided, but with youth's happy faculty, they succeeded at times in forgetting the shadows of heathenism around them, and planned horseback rides and musical and literary evenings, enjoying a good time as any healthy, normal young people would do.

After this summer at home John returned to Ohio and entered Lane Seminary, Cincinnati. The years there were years of special preparation for his life-work.

At the close of his first year in the seminary, John provided himself with a pack of Bibles and set out for the Highlands of Kentucky where he spent the summer colporteuring and preaching. He had not expected to preach, but at nearly every place he stopped he was asked to stay and preach in the schoolhouse that night.

Colporteuring in Kentucky John had packed in his grip, one sermon, to be used in case of emergency. After delivering it a few times, it began to seem, to himself at least, to be

worn rather threadbare. He had not time to sit down and prepare another regular sermon. So he began simply talking to the people, telling them the Gospel story which he found they were hungry to hear. And as he rode along over the mountain trails with his pack of books, he would study how he might adapt the truth to the needs of the people as he found them.

He probably began at this time to form his style of preaching. In college and seminary he had training in extemporaneous speaking. After he began work among the Indians he wrote out very few sermons. In studying his subject he would make an outline, but he never referred to it in the pulpit.

In a letter written October 26, '59, to Alfred L. Riggs, we see something of his activity during his seminary course :

"I have been trying to make use of what preaching talents I have. Preached the first Sabbath twice for Mr. Hussy, one of the last class who has settled ten miles back in the country and was sick. The next Sabbath preached at a little village of two or three hundred inhabitants eight miles up the river where it is not known that a Presbyterian minister ever before was heard. Last Sabbath went to Moscow, forty miles up the river where my old friend and classmate, Mr. Steele, has been labouring this summer. Addressed a Union Sabbath School in the morning, then preached, led the prayer-meeting in the afternoon, and preached by request, or rather compulsion, for the Methodists in the evening, when

my head began to feel something of an external pressure, but hope that the Word may do some good as it was well listened to. I feel that preaching is a glorious work if I was only competent for it."

He felt that much of the power in the theological seminaries was lying dormant.

February 23, 1860: "You will recognize this as the Day of Prayer for Colleges, upon which you have doubtless often been blessed. I hope you have had your spiritual strength renewed this day. We need a work of grace in all our colleges, but do we not also need it in our theological seminaries? We have enough talent in our seminaries to shake the moral universe if it was only fully consecrated to God."

On the same date we see that he was already considering the Indian work: "I cannot make up my mind yet just what I will do; wish you were here so that I could talk with you about it. It seems as if it was my duty to go among the poor Dakotas, though it seems that they are going to ruin as fast as they possibly can. Even if I should do this, I think perhaps it would be better for me to preach a year or two in the English language, but my greatest desire is to go where the Spirit of God leads."

March 31, '60, evidently referring to the reply of Mr. Riggs to the preceding: "I have not time to answer your letter as I would like. I can only write a line to let you know how much obliged to you I am for it. It encouraged me to know that there was some one thinking and planning for the outcast Indians besides myself."

After taking up the Indian work Mr. Williamson, in writing of the period of his childhood and school days, said:

"Next to our own home we learned to love the Homeland in 'the States' whence our parents came.

Disillusionment A longing desire to visit it possessed us. We thought that there we should find a heaven on earth. This may seem a strange idea, but as you think of us engulfed in heathenism and savage life it will not seem so strange. It was like living at the bottom of a well, with only one spot of brightness overhead. Of course it would be natural to think that upper world all brightness and beauty.

"When the number of our years got well past the single figures, then we went to 'the States' to carry on the education begun at home. Then came the saddest disappointment of all our lives. We found we were yet a good ways from heaven. For me the last remnant of this dream was effectually dispelled when I came to teach a Sabbath School in a back country neighbourhood where the people were the driftwood of Kentucky and Egyptian Illinois. Thenceforth the Land of the Dakotas seemed more the land of promise to me. From that time the claims of the work in which my parents were engaged grew upon my mind."

III

EARLY MINISTRY

“Here am I, send me.”—*Isaiah.*

“Watchman, what of the night?

The morning cometh.”—*Isaiah.*

BEFORE leaving Lane Seminary, Mr. Williamson, as John was beginning to be known, received a call from the Presbyterian Church of Allensville, Indiana, which he had supplied for a time as a student. He accepted the call and remained with this church until the late fall of 1860, preaching with growing power, and enjoying his ministry.

Call to Allensville Church

But as he received letters from home telling of the unhappy condition of the Indians, and especially of the need of a missionary at the Lower Agency, the conviction grew upon him that there among the Dakotas was his life-work. He offered himself as a missionary to the American Board for work among the Sioux Indians and was accepted.

In making his decision to devote his life to the uplifting of the Sioux, Mr. Williamson knew very well what he was doing. For him Counting the Cost there was no glamour of romance in spending a lifetime with the “Noble Red Man.” He had been there and he knew. He

knew what it meant in the way of giving up, that it would be exchanging the comforts and refinements of civilization, the companionship of cultured people, the ambition to win name and fame as a preacher, for a life of privation and hardship with few to know or care.

He counted the cost and then went gladly, devoting all the strength of his young manhood to the cause he considered most worth while.

The Allensville people had become greatly attached to Mr. Williamson in the short time he was

with them, and upon parting presented him with a silver watch which was wound with a key. Mr. Williamson prized it highly, and it was almost the only watch he ever carried until in 1911 the Indians of the Dakota churches presented him with a fine gold watch with his initials engraved on one side and a church on the other, as a mark of their appreciation of his fifty years of work among them.

In the late fall of 1860 Mr. Williamson returned to the Mission field, this time not only as the son of a missionary, but as a missionary on his own account. He located at Redwood,

the Lower Agency, as had previously been planned. This agency was headquarters for the Mdewakantonwan or Santees, the most religious, that is to say, the most heathenish, of any of the Sioux.

Upon reaching Redwood, Mr. Williamson took

At Redwood

up his residence in the tent of Napesni (Never Runs Away) whom he had known as a boy at Lacquiparle. Napesni was one of the very few Christian Indians at Redwood and was a man of superior ability. Mrs. Napesni was as neat and cleanly as a woman in her environment could be expected to be.



Services were held in Napesni's tent the first year. Usually several besides the family came in, but opposition was strong to the white man's religion. The conjurers and medicine men were very busy. However, Mr. Williamson gained in influence, especially with a group of young men.

The second spring Mr. Williamson began work on a church building, hauling the lumber and doing

the greater part of the work himself. This church was built without aid from the Board.

Building a Church When the church was finished he planned to build a manse. The lumber was hauled and piled near the church.

The summer of 1862 was a time of unrest among the Indians. According to the treaty made a few years before, the Indians were to receive pay for their ceded lands in gold. That it was to be in gold the chiefs had particularly stipulated. Now that the Civil War was on, the national currency was much depreciated and at this time one dollar in gold was worth about two dollars and fifty cents in greenbacks.

For several years the payments were made with some regularity. Then they began to lapse. This year the payment was due in May and at that time the Indians, several thousand of them, gathered and camped around the agency and asked for their money. They were told that it had not come yet, and were put off from day to day.

Finally word came from Washington asking them to accept greenbacks instead of gold and offering a slight premium on the stipulated amount, which was five dollars per capita. To this the head men would not agree, and insisted on the fulfillment of the treaty to the letter. So word was sent to Washington to that effect.

Meanwhile the Indians were getting very hungry. Cut off from their usual hunting grounds and without money to buy ammunition to shoot such small

game as might be within their reach, they were reduced to a diet of wild tipsina and other roots, and not sufficient of these. The Government had no rations for them. There were four stores at the agency, well stocked in anticipation of the coming payment, but they would not give credit to the Indians.

Many councils were held and finally one notable council between the agent and Indians, at which Mr. Williamson was present. This council proved to be the one which precipitated the crisis, though its importance was not realized at the time.

This council was held out-of-doors, hundreds of Indians being present. The agent, **A Notable Council** other employees, and the traders from the four stores sat in front, facing the Indians.

The council began with the usual questions by the Indians, "When were they to receive their money, and how were they going to get food?" The agent tried to put them off as before, but they showed a more determined attitude.

Finally Little Crow rose to speak. He said: "We have waited a long time. The money is ours, but we cannot get it. We have no food, but here are these stores, filled with food. We ask that you, the agent, make some arrangement by which we can get food from the stores, or else we may take our own way to keep ourselves from starving. When men are hungry they help themselves."

Little Crow's
Speech

The interpreter, perceiving the threat implied, would not interpret this, so the agent turned to John and said, "Williamson, you tell us what Little Crow says." So John interpreted the speech.

The Storekeepers Then the agent addressed the store-
keepers: "Well, it's up to you now.

What will you do?"

But they all remained silent. So he spoke again: "Well, boys, get together and talk it over and let us know what you will do."

So the four men stepped aside to confer, but, upon taking their seats, seemed to have nothing to say.

After waiting a while, the agent said, "Well, boys, speak up, what is it to be?"

Then one of them said, "Whatever Myrick does, we will do. We are not proprietors, anyway." Myrick was of the firm, "Myrick Bros."; and being part owner of his stock, was regarded as a leader by the other traders.

So then the agent turned and said, "Well, Myrick?" But Myrick said nothing, and presently, seeming to find the situation rather tense, rose and started to leave.

But the agent stopped him, "Here, Myrick, you have got to say what you will do."

Then Myrick replied slowly and deliberately, "So far as I am concerned, if they are hungry, let them eat grass."

The Indians could not hear, and if they had heard, would not have understood, but they could see that

a reply had been made, and from all around came the cry, "What did he say? What did he say?"

The agent called on the interpreter, but he was shaking with fright and could not interpret.

So the agent turned to John, "Well, Williamson, I guess we shall have to depend on you again."

So John stood up, while a hush fell on the assembly, and in a loud, clear voice that all could hear, he announced, "He said, 'So far as I am concerned, if they are hungry, let them eat grass.'"

There was a moment of dead silence as they grasped the significance of the words. Then, as if moved by one impulse, they broke into weird and savage war-whoops, and with wild gestures and mutterings quickly disappeared.

At the time of this council, Mr. Williamson had his arrangements all made for a business trip to

Ohio. Things looked rather dark,
Trip to Ohio but they had looked dark for some
time and he did not apprehend any immediate change. So he left the next morning, going by team to St. Paul, and taking a steamboat down the Mississippi to Galena. From Galena he could by this time go by rail, so that a trip to Ohio was not quite the formidable undertaking it had been in his school days.

Minnesota Outbreak The morning he reached Ohio, before arriving at his destination, he picked up a Cincinnati daily, on the front page of which, in large head-lines, he read, "Great Indian Massacre in Minnesota. General

Uprising of the Sioux. All the Whites at Redwood Killed." While allowing for the usual exaggeration of first reports, Mr. Williamson was convinced that serious trouble was on hand among the people he had so recently left. So without completing his journey or transacting his business, he turned about and pushed back to Minnesota with all possible speed. What would be the fate of his parents at the Upper Agency and of the other missionaries? Whatever the outcome, he would be needed.

When he reached Minnesota he learned that all the missionaries had been saved by flight.

Upon arriving at Redwood he found that the new church upon which he had worked so arduously all spring and summer was burned to the ground. It seemed that his year's work had gone up in smoke.

The story of the Outbreak, as it was told Mr. Williamson by Indians and others, is as follows:

Beginning of Outbreak On Monday morning, the 18th of August, before sunrise, about fifty armed and mounted Indians gathered in front of Myrick's Store, which was a long, narrow, story-and-a-half building, with living-rooms above. The front room up-stairs was known to be Myrick's sleeping room. A shot was fired against the window in this room. Myrick jumped up, peered out of the window, took in the situation at a glance, turned, ran through to the back window of the room in the rear, and jumped to the ground, thinking to escape. This is what the Indians expected him to do, and several were there, lying in wait for him. He was

at once shot, and when General Sibley arrived with a company of soldiers from Fort Snelling, he was found lying there on his back, with a bunch of grass stuck in his mouth, in grim reference to his reply to the Indians at the Council.

One of the storekeepers was saved by his Indian friend. Just as he was being dragged away to be shot, this man rushed up, threw his arms around him and said, "You must not kill him. He is my Koda."

Dr. Riggs and family at Hazelwood received word of the uprising that evening. The Christian

Indians came running in, much excited, saying that the stores at Yellow
Riggs Family Medicine were surrounded by armed
Leave Hazelwood

Indians and that white people were being killed. At first they did not think of leaving, but as others came in, verifying the reports and adding new details, they decided that on account of the three young daughters of the family, they should seek safety in flight. After midnight the children were wakened and hasty preparations for departure were made.

In half an hour they started out, each carrying a little bundle, not knowing that they were leaving their home for the last time. They had only one horse and a single buggy, for Dr. Riggs' team had been stolen that evening. The first night they spent on an island in the river not far away, and after this for a week they followed unfrequented paths, sometimes through swamps and ravines,

keeping away from the agencies and the settlements, the friendly Indians keeping them informed of the movements of the hostiles. Heavy rains came on and caused much discomfort, for they had no tents or other shelter and their clothing and scanty supply of bedding became thoroughly drenched.

On Thursday they were joined by Dr. and Mrs. Williamson and Aunt Jane, who had not left Yellow Medicine until Wednesday morning.

The Williamsons Join Them It was very hard for Dr. Williamson to leave. He was naturally of a calm disposition and for some time he could not believe that the danger was as great as others thought. Even when he was convinced that the hostiles were near, in their path of death and destruction, he would, had he followed his own inclination, have remained at his post, but for the sake of his family he yielded to the entreaties of his Indian friends, and Simon Anawangmani conducted them to a place of safety. In leaving, he did not forget to take his manuscript of Dakota Bible translation.

Some settlers and Government employees cast in their fortunes with the missionaries, so that the little

A Defenceless Company company of refugees numbered over forty, but it was a very defenceless band. Thomas and Henry Riggs had brought with them their shotgun and several of the men who joined them were armed. Owing to the scarcity of horses and wagons, all but the frailest of the women and the youngest of the children were on foot.

At the time the company was the largest it was decided by vote to seek refuge within the walls of Fort Ridgley, and thither they directed their way. Before reaching the fort, Mr. Hunter offered to go ahead and reconnoitre. At nightfall he crept through the tall grass on hands and knees, and succeeded in reaching the fort without being observed. There he learned that the garrison was surrounded by Indians, and that firing had been going on all day, that all the buildings outside the stockade had been burned and the horses and cattle seized. He also found that the enclosure was crowded with women and children, but that there were few soldiers and that their ammunition was nearly gone.

He returned with this information. After consultation it was agreed that they were safer outside than they would be to try to force their way into the fort. They turned squarely about and away from the fort and travelled all that night, as far away as possible from the danger zone around Fort Ridgley.

And so they spent a week in wandering, often seeing signs of the hostiles in burning houses and grain stacks, but never meeting them. The morning after they left Fort Ridgley, four men who had been travelling with them left their company. In a little while the firing of guns was heard. Later they learned that the men had been discovered by a band of the hostiles on their way to attack New Ulm and were all shot down.

On Sabbath afternoon they learned that fresh United States troops had arrived and that General

Sibley had the situation under control. It seemed to be no longer necessary that they should stay in hiding. But where should they go?

Seek New Homes The Mission houses and churches had been burned, both at Yellow Medicine and Hazelwood. Monday morning they parted company, Dr. Williamson and family going to Traverse, near St. Peter, and Dr. Riggs and his family going to Shakopee and from there to St. Anthony.

One loss during the Outbreak which touched the missionaries deeply was that of Amos W. Huggins, oldest son of Mr. A. G. Huggins who was of Dr. Williamson's party in 1835. Amos Huggins was in the Government Service and was employed as teacher in an Indian village near Lacquiparle. A party of strange Indians rode up and shot him while he was working in his garden.

Mr. Huggins was the author of a number of hymns and school songs in the Dakota language that have been deservedly popular.

It has been asserted, and believed by many, that the Outbreak with a general massacre of the whites was all planned by the Indians and was the result of a deep laid plot. But in the opinion of Mr. Williamson, whose opportunity for knowing the facts was unequalled, this was hardly the case. It was rather the desperation of hunger and impending starvation which drove their leaders to seize the only available supplies, and to put the storekeepers out of the way

as a means of accomplishing their purpose. After blood had been shed, one thing followed another.

Mr. Williamson wrote :

"Little Crow and Little Six, with a handful of mad warriors, gave the first wild leap, rightly divining that they would draw the whole train after them, but little thinking where they would land. Very certain it is that few of the Sioux were aware of the wonderful panorama in which they were about to exhibit themselves to the world."

The most of the settlers were killed when attempting to resist the taking of their horses. Against a few of the whites the Indians had a grievance. These old grudges were remembered. It was small war parties that committed the depredations. There was no general army, no organized warfare. It is estimated that about five hundred settlers were killed.

When the smoke of the conflict cleared away, what was there to show for the quarter century and more of missionary effort? In a material way, nothing. Only a few charred timbers remained to show the site of Mission houses and churches. Books and cherished possessions were gone.

But in a higher realm the missionaries felt that they had much to be thankful for. None of the

The Rescuers Christian Indians had joined in the Outbreak. Instead of this, they had opposed it, and when unable to prevent hostilities, they became the rescuers of the white people.

John Otherday, who led sixty-two white people from Yellow Medicine to a place of safety ; Simon Anawangmani, who rescued Dr. Williamson's family and others, and Paul Mazakutemani under whose leadership one hundred white captives, women and children, were rescued and delivered at Camp Release, form a trio of honourable names, and there were others who risked their lives in saving the whites.

"The years of consecrated, self-sacrificing labours of Dr. Williamson and Dr. Riggs among the Indians bore rich fruit not only in saving souls, but also in the saving of thousands of precious lives during the terrible days of the Sioux War" ("The Welsh in Minnesota," Hughes).

After the Outbreak the white settlers were very bitter against the Indians. Perhaps **Bitter Feeling** it was not strange that they should be. Some of them had lost friends, many more property.

But they did not discriminate. An Indian was an Indian to them, and they classed them all as fiends and bloodthirsty savages. To befriend an Indian was not a popular thing to do in those days.

This feeling continued for a number of years, especially in the border towns, where red-handed **Missionaries Misunderstood** anarchists would have been welcomed sooner than the gentle missionaries. More than two years after the Outbreak, Presbytery met in Mankato. It happened that about this time a war party from Canada made

a raid in this vicinity and massacred a family living near town. The unthinking populace connected this outrage with the presence of Dr. Williamson in their city. The city council met and characterized the missionaries as inciters and abettors of the murderous Indian, and Dr. Williamson they termed a dangerous character. A committee of leading citizens was appointed to wait upon him and demand his immediate departure from their city.

The committee arrived at the church just as Dr. Williamson was preaching the opening sermon of Presbytery, in which he enjoined the duty of dealing justly with the African and the Indian. The committee presented the order of the council, and Dr. Williamson left, with feelings but little disturbed, knowing that he had the approval of a Higher Tribunal.

At the close of the Outbreak, when the Indians realized that they were beaten, Little Crow and most of the real desperadoes succeeded After the Outbreak in making their escape towards the British possessions. Those who remained did not consider themselves very guilty. They were called upon to surrender, and the inducement was held out to them that those who surrendered would be counted good Indians, friends of the whites. Instead of that, upon surrendering they were treated as prisoners, and the men were brought to trial before a Military Commission.

"Of about four hundred cases which came before

the commission, only fifty were cleared. More than three hundred were sentenced to be hung and the others to imprisonment.

The greater part of these were condemned on general principles, without any specific charges being proved" ("Mary and I"). The papers containing the findings of the Military Commission were forwarded to President Lincoln for his approval.

After the trial the prisoners were removed to winter quarters. The condemned men, 350, chained two and two, and closely guarded by soldiers, were taken to Mankato and imprisoned there, and the women and children with the few men who had escaped suspicion were sent under military guard to Fort Snelling, and kept there in a detention camp that winter. It was a time of humiliation for the proud and haughty spirit of the Sioux.

"On receiving the papers transmitted by the Military Commission, President Lincoln personally read the testimony, then placed it in the hands of impartial men, with instructions to report the cases which according to the testimony were convicted of participation in individual murders or of assaulting women. Acting under these instructions, thirty-nine cases were reported and these were ordered by the President to be executed" ("Mary and I").

The missionaries, who had been with the Indians since the beginning of the Military Trial, endeavouring to secure a square deal for those whom they

**The Military
Commission**

**President Lin-
coln's Decision**

knew to be innocent, were allowed to see the list of names when it arrived. They found on the list the name of one man, Round Wind, whom they knew had had nothing to do with the massacre. He had been convicted on the witness of two small German boys who testified that he was the man that killed their mother. The missionaries knew that he was on the other side of the river and at least ten miles away at the time of the tragedy. They at once sent letters to the President, presenting the facts and asking that his sentence be reprieved. The order for a reprieve was promptly sent and was received just in time to save an innocent life from the gallows.

This incident, while not given in the school histories, throws a side-light on the character of Lincoln.

**Side-Light
on Lincoln**

We see him turning aside from the grave problems of the Civil War to consider the moral questions involved in the uprising of a handful of the Sioux in what was then a remote part of the West, which might have seemed to some men of little importance. We see his extreme carefulness for human life and his desire that every one, even the despised Indian, should have justice and the benefit of the law.

The executions took place and made a profound impression upon the other prisoners. They felt that their gods had failed them and their faith in their own religion was shaken. They expected that their time would come and lived in hourly apprehension of the arrival of an officer with another list of names among which theirs would be found.

The execution of their comrades and their own precarious condition led to a moral Revival in Prison awakening among the prisoners. Dr. S. R. Riggs in "Mary and I" thus tells of a remarkable revival in the prison.

"The Sabbath morning came (the Sunday after the executions). The night before a fresh snow had fallen nearly a foot deep. Colonel Miller thought it only humane to let the prisoners go out into the yard on that day, to breathe the fresh air. And so it was we gathered in the middle of that enclosure, and all that company of chained men stood, while we sang hymns and prayed and talked of God's plan of saving men from death. To say that they listened with interest and attention would not convey the whole truth. Evidently their fears were thoroughly aroused and they were eager to find some way by which the death they apprehended could be averted. It was a good time to talk to them of sin, to tell them of their sins. It was a good time to unfold to them God's plan of saving from sin, to tell them God's own Son, Jesus Christ, died to save them from their sins if they would only believe. A marvellous work of grace was already commencing.

"In a few weeks a deep and abiding concern for themselves was manifest. Here were hundreds of men who had all their lives refused to listen to the Gospel. They now wanted to hear it. Their own gods had failed them signally, as was manifest by their present condition. Their conjurers, their medicine men, their makers of '*wakan*' were non-

plussed. The barriers which had been impregnable and impenetrable in the past were suddenly broken down. Their ancestral religion had departed. They were unwilling now in their distresses to be without God, without hope, without faith in something or some one. Their hearts were aching for a spiritual revelation.

"Soon they began to sing and pray publicly, morning and evening, which they continued to do all the while they were in prison. This they commenced of their own accord. At first the prayers were made only by those who had been church members and who were accustomed to pray, but others soon came forward and did the same. Robert Hopkins, who was at that time their leader in all that pertained to worship, handed Dr. Williamson the names of thirty men who had then led in public prayer. And not very long after, sixty more names were added to the list of praying ones. This was regarded by themselves very much in the light of making a profession of religion."

Dr. Williamson called to his aid Rev. Gideon H. Pond, and before the winter was over they baptized

Three Hundred in one day three hundred Dakota
Baptized men who wished to be recognized as
 believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"The circumstances were peculiar, the whole movement was marvellous, it was like 'a nation born in a day.' The brethren desired to be divinely guided; and after many years of testing have elapsed, we all say that it was a genuine work of the Holy Spirit" ("Mary and I").

Dr. Riggs thus describes the effect of the first communion upon himself. "The first communion in the prison made a deep impression upon myself. It began to throw light upon the perplexing questions that had started in my own mind as to the moral meaning of the Outbreak. God's thought of it was not my thought. As the heavens were higher than the earth, so His thoughts were higher than mine. I accepted the present interpretation of events and thanked God and took courage."

The missionaries had been labouring among these Indians for more than twenty-five years, and their

Progress
Seldom Uniform progress had seemed very slow. At the time of the Outbreak, after more than twenty-five years of seed sowing, there were only a few more than sixty avowed converts. But as a backward spring time with cold winds and chilling rains ushers in a sudden, glorious summer, so the Kingdom of God had been coming, but not with observation, in the hearts of these children of nature, and the time of fruition was in the prison.

Dr. Williamson gave all his time that winter to work with the prisoners, not only preaching but teaching.

"The prisoners asked for books.
A Prison School Only two copies of the New Testament and two or three copies of the Dakota hymn-book were found in the prison. Some of each were afterwards obtained elsewhere but not nearly as many as they needed. Some slates and pencils and writing paper were provided for them.

From this time on, the prison became a school and continued to be such all through their imprisonment. They were all exceedingly anxious to learn, and the more their minds were turned towards God and His word, the more interested they became in learning to read and write. In their minds, books and religion went together" ("Mary and I").

On account of the great and sudden demand for Dakota school books, Dr. Riggs devoted the most of his time to compiling new ones, those that had been on hand having been destroyed in the Outbreak.

The older missionaries being occupied with the men in prison, John took it as his work to accompany their families to Fort Snelling.
Mr. Williamson
in Detention Camp With them were some old men and some too young to be warriors, but the greater number were women and children, about 1,500 in all. There in the Detention Camp he remained that winter, teaching and preaching and befriending them in every way that he could.

In writing of this time Mr. Williamson said, "The suspense was terrible. The ever-present query was, 'What will become of us, and especially of the men?' With inquisitive eyes they were always watching the soldiers and other whites who visited them for an answer, but the curses and threats they received were little understood except that they meant no good. With what imploring looks have we been besought to tell them their fate!"

"Strange reports were constantly being whispered around the camp. Now the men were all to be executed, of whom the thirty-eight hung at Mankato was the first installment, and the women and children scattered and made slaves ; now they were all to be taken to a rocky barren island, somewhere, and left with nothing but fish for a support ; and again they were to be taken away down south, where it was so hot they would all die of fever and ague."

Dr. Riggs visited the camp and wrote : "The camp at Snelling was on the low ground near the river where the steamboats were accustomed to land. A high board fence was made around two or three acres of land, inside of which the Dakotas pitched their tents. In them they cooked and ate and slept and read the Bible and sang and prayed and wrote letters to their friends in prison.

"By gradual steps but with overwhelming power came the heavenly visitation. At first Mr. Williamson used to meet the church members in one of their own teepees.

Revival in Camp Presently there was an evident softening of hearts. Now news came of the awakening among the prisoners at Mankato. The tent could not contain half the listeners. So for some time, in the middle of winter, the meetings were held out-of-doors on the campus, then in a great dark garret over a warehouse, without other fire than spiritual.

"In that low garret, where hundreds were crouched down among the rafters, only the glisten-

ing eyes of some of them visible in the dark, we remember how the silence was sometimes such that the fall of a pin might be heard. Many were convicted, confessions and professions were made, idols cherished for many generations with the highest reverence were thrown away by the score. They had faith no longer in their idols. They laid hold on Christ as their only hope. On this ground they were baptized, over a hundred adults, with their children.

"It was my privilege to be present frequently and to see how the good hand of the Lord was upon them in giving them spiritual blessings in their distresses. There was ever a large and active sympathy between the camp and the prison, and frequent letters passed between them. When at one time I brought down several hundred letters from the prisoners and told them of the wonderful work there in progress, it produced a powerful effect. In both camp and prison, both intellectually and spiritually, it was a winter of great advancement" ("Mary and I").

The garret of the old warehouse mentioned by Dr. Riggs as being the place for religious meetings was also Mr. Williamson's schoolroom and his sleeping room at night. It was so open that in the morning he would frequently find the floor and his bedding covered with snow that had sifted in during the night.

In front of this building Mr. Williamson made a bonfire of the charms and medicine sacks which were brought to him voluntarily when their owners

embraced Christianity. Had any lover of curios and antiquities been present he would have exclaimed, "Why this waste?" when he saw those perfectly genuine relics going up in smoke.

Bonfire of Medicine Sacks

We to-day cannot realize what a hold their belief in the virtue of these charms had upon the Indians. It took a mighty upheaval to convince them that their medicine sacks were powerless to prevent misfortune, and it showed wisdom on the part of Mr. Williamson that these signs of their former superstition were entirely destroyed.

Moral Heroism

In writing of Mr. Williamson's decision to remain with the families of the prisoners, Dr. S. R. Riggs in a private letter dated November 24, 1862, said, "I think this is a case of moral heroism not often met with, for a young man like him to identify himself with the scorned and the hated."

And later, in "Mary and I," he wrote: "He did not forsake them but stayed by them in evil and in good report with the devotion of a lover. Everywhere and at all times his thoroughly honest, devoted and unselfish course commanded the respect and confidence of white men in and out of the army. And his self-abandonment to the temporal and spiritual good of the families of the men in prison begot in them such admiration and confidence that scarcely a prayer was made by them in all those four years of their imprisonment without the petition that God would remember and bless their friend John."

IV

CROW CREEK EXPERIENCES

"In journeyings often, in perils of the wilderness, in hunger and thirst."—*Paul.*

AFTER the Outbreak the great question for discussion in the newspapers of Minnesota was, "What Shall We Do with the Indians?" The St. Paul *Weekly Press*, in October, 1862, featured as front page leaders a series of articles on this subject. One plan advocated was the banishment of all Sioux, Chippewa and Winnebago Indians, estimated at 46,880, to Isle Royal in Lake Superior, and the establishment there of a permanent penal Indian colony.

What Shall We
Do with the
Indians?

As to the disposition of the Indian, there was some difference of opinion, but upon one point public opinion, with the exception of the missionaries, was practically unanimous, and that was that "He must darken the land of Minnesota nevermore."

The St. Paul *Press* said editorially, January 1, 1863, "As long as an Indian lives in our State, it will be to all the rest of the world a 'Haunted House,' through whose empty corridors the hoot of owls will echo the shrieking spectre of midnight murder, and

men will pass us by for other lands, and women will hug their babes closer to their breasts when they hear the ill-omened name of Minnesota. The Indians must be removed, every one of them."

With such sentiments as these animating the public press of that day, we are not surprised to learn that the State Legislature that winter passed a resolution demanding of the Federal Government that all Indians be removed from the bounds of the State of Minnesota.

In response to this appeal, which was backed by their strongest politicians, the Government undertook to free the state of Indians, especially the Sioux.

When river navigation opened in the spring a steamboat ascended the Minnesota River to Mankato, took on the prisoners, transported them to St. Paul, and from there down the Mississippi to Davenport, Iowa. Here at Camp McClellan they were kept, guarded by soldiers for the next three years.

Dr. Williamson followed them and remained with them the most of the time for two years. Dr. Riggs relieved him the third winter. Mr. Hinman of the Episcopal Mission visited the prisoners once at Davenport.

"After a little while their irons were taken off, and they enjoyed comparative liberty, being often permitted to go to town to trade their bows and arrows and other trinkets, and sometimes into the country to labour without a guard. They never attempted to make their escape, though at one time it was

Removal
of Prisoners

meditated by some, but so strongly opposed by the more considerate ones that the plan was abandoned.

"Generally the soldiers who guarded them treated them kindly. It was remarked that a new company, when assigned to this duty, at first treated the prisoners with a good deal of severity and harshness. But a few weeks sufficed to change their feelings and they were led to pity and then to respect those whom they had regarded as worse than wild beasts.

"For the prisoners these were educational years. They were better supplied with books than they

could be at Mankato. A new edition Educational Years of the Dakota hymn-book was gotten out and in 1865 an edition of the Dakota Bible as far as translated, besides other books. The avails of their work in mussel shells and bows gave them the means of purchasing paper and books" ("Mary and I").

Alfred Riggs was by this time in the ministry and was preaching at Lockport, Ill. Dr. Williamson wrote from Davenport, May 14, 1863, Singing in Prison asking him to visit the prisoners and spend some time teaching them to sing. In his letter he said, "God in His providence so ordered it that there were several good Christians among those who were confined in prison and has made use of them as instruments of much good, but none of them were good singers. Such as they were they have improved by practice, and among the new converts there are many who have good voices, but they cannot be expected to sing better

than their teachers. With a little practice they might improve on the tunes they now sing, and in the new hymn-book, one hundred and fifty copies of which I brought with me, there are many new hymns set to music by your father and the late Amos W. Huggins, the tunes of which none of the Dakotas here know, and which I am desirous they should learn soon."

Mr. Riggs accepted Dr. Williamson's invitation and spent some time conducting singing classes, and later John visited them on two different occasions, on each of which the song services were an important feature. The Indians entered enthusiastically into the singing lessons and it must have been inspiring to hear their hearty songs of praise rising from prison walls.

"In church matters they naturally fell into classes according to their former clans or villages. In each of these classes one or more than one Dr. Williamson's Plan 'Hunkayapi' was ordained. He was the elder and class leader. This arrangement was made by Dr. Williamson. It was one step towards raising up for them pastors from themselves.

"The buildings occupied by the troops at Camp McClellan were comfortable, but within the stockade where the prisoners were kept the buildings were of the most temporary kind, through the innumerable crevices of which blew the winter winds and storms. Only a limited amount of wood was furnished them, which in the cold, windy weather was often

consumed by noon. Then the Indians were under the necessity of keeping warm, if they could, in the straw and under their worn blankets" ("Mary and I").

In these circumstances many fell sick. Some contracted pulmonary consumption, and one year there was an epidemic of smallpox. There were about one hundred and twenty deaths during the three years at Davenport, which was a high death rate.

Sickness and Death

Journey to Crow Creek

Soon after the Mankato prisoners passed down the river on their way to Davenport, the women and children and the old men from the camp at Fort Snelling were loaded on two steamboats and started, they knew not where. Mr. Williamson went with them and wrote, "As they look on their native hills for the last time, a dark cloud is crushing their hearts."

A letter written to his mother gives some account of the first part of the journey :

St. Joseph, Mo., May 13, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

You will have heard before this something about our starting. Seven hundred and seventy left on Monday, the 4th of May, in the steamboat *Hannibal*. I waited until the next day about dark when the rest got on board the *Northerner*. There were 540 of them. We also left about 200 who were let go with the Scouts. Among them were the Renvilles and the Campbells.

We had a pleasant trip down to Hannibal, which you know is a little below Quincy on the Missouri side. We stayed there over Sunday, which I was glad of, though we did not

have much rest, there were so many visitors thronging around them all day. We had the large freight depot for the Indians, where we had meeting twice. I shut most of the whites out.

We left there Monday afternoon about three o'clock. They crowded them into freight cars, about sixty in a car, and I thought they would suffer a good deal, but it came up a rain and cooled off the air, so that when we reached here the next morning they got off in good spirits. And we are now camped in sixty soldiers' tents, waiting for the boat that is to take us up the river. It will probably be two or three days before it is here, and then we shall probably be nearly two weeks going up the river, so I have not much expectation of getting to our new home before the first of June.

They did not bring the other Indians by the same route that we have come, but took them down to St. Louis, and we are now waiting for them. From here they expect to put us all on the same boat. If they do I think it will be nearly as bad as the Middle Passage for slaves. Coming down, there were enough for comfort in our company of 540, more than would have been comfortable on the lower deck if they had not had two or three barges along, and on the Missouri they can't run barges, they say, so I don't know where they will stow themselves, even if they give them the whole boat. But then folks say they are only Indians. In the manifest of freight taken down by the *Northerner* they published "30 horses, 540 Indians."

St. Joseph is a pretty place, nearly as large I should judge as St. Paul, though it shows the effects of the war more than St. Paul. All the way by railroad through Missouri we could see some of the effects of Secession. Some houses burnt, a good many deserted and the farms gone to rack. Now, however, all north of the Missouri feel comparatively secure. And they make Secessionists keep shut up pretty close. I have

heard more Union talk since I came into Missouri than before. We are now just across the river from Kansas, and they are a raving kind of Union folks over there, I judge.

We have not heard anything more about where we are going than when we started. We have only heard that the Superintendent went up past here with some supplies for Indians.

I don't get along writing very well as I stay in a tent adjoining the Indian camp and they keep coming in and bothering me. There is no one along for an interpreter. Lorenzo is the best English talker there is, so that they want me to interpret a great deal. The Indians have a great deal of singing on the road, in the steamboat, in the cars and in the camp, and they would sing a good deal more, but whenever they sing the whites gather around so thick that it is really very unpleasant.

I hope to hear from you soon by way of Fort Randall.

Your own son,

JOHN P. WILLIAMSON.

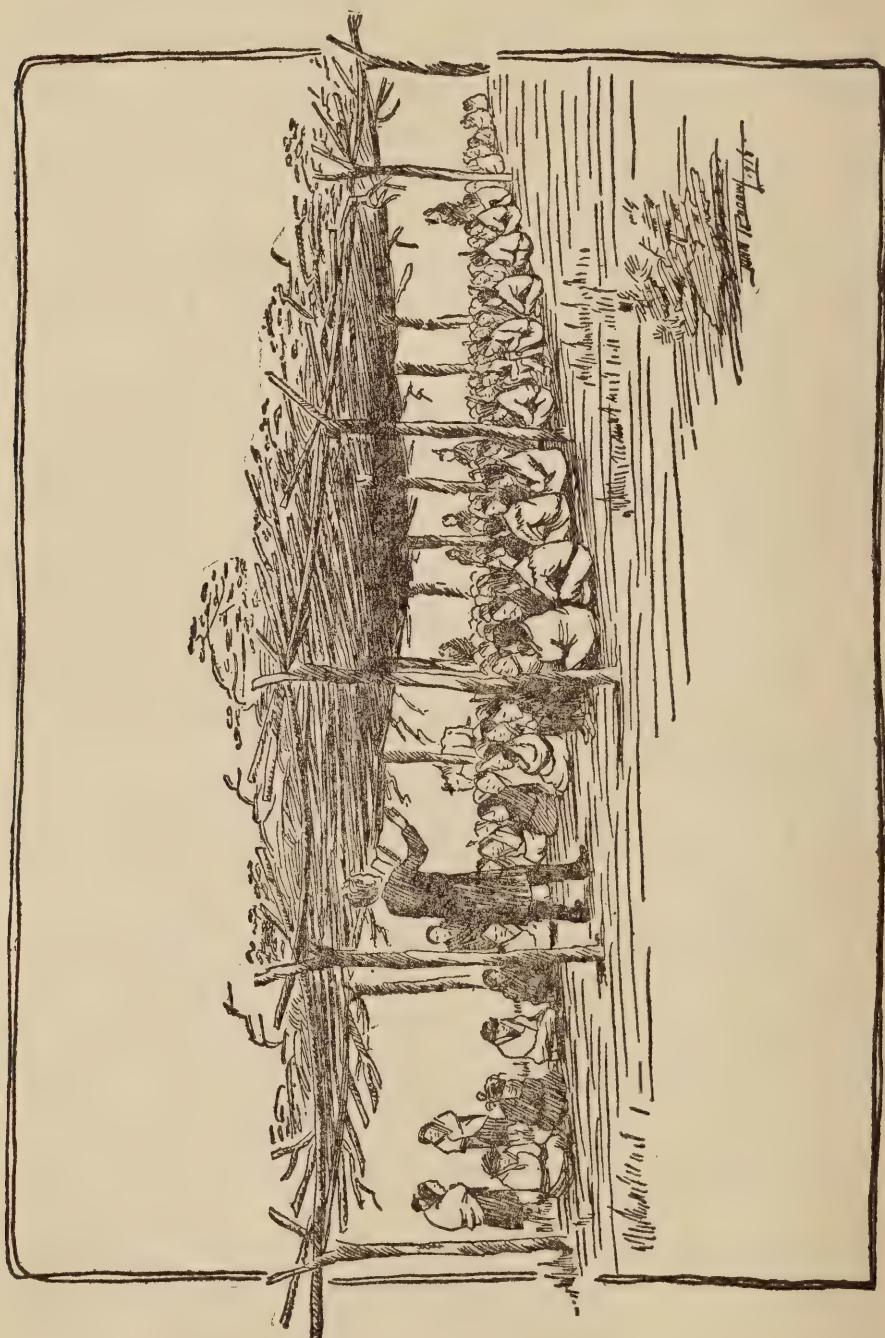
When the boat from St. Louis arrived, the party waiting at St. Joseph were loaded on to the same boat, making over thirteen hundred in all. Mr. Williamson protested against the inhumanity of such crowding, but in vain. There was not room for all to lie down at one time, so they had to take turns through the night.

Then began the long journey up the Missouri River to Crow Creek, to the land not desired by white immigrants at that time. According to the terms of the contract, the steamboat company were to be paid according to the number or "head" of Indians actually delivered at the point of destination. Several of the Indians died en route. Two or three escaped in spite of the vigilance of the guards.

When the boat arrived at Crow Creek, Mr. Williamson was asked to assist Colonel Thompson and the captain of the boat in making a count of the Indians as they unloaded themselves from the boat. Colonel Thompson and Mr. Williamson each made a count of an even thirteen hundred. The captain's count was thirteen hundred and one, and some hot words passed between him and Colonel Thompson before he yielded the point.

As the Indians stepped from the gangplank of the steamboat at Crow Creek, it seemed to them an inhospitable land. They looked in vain for the fresh greenness to which they had been accustomed at that season of the year. A succession of hot, dry summers had burned out even the grass roots, leaving the bare gumbo. "Can they ever live in this parched land where neither rain nor dew was seen for many weeks?

"The mortality was fearful. The shock, the anxiety, the confinement, the pitiable diet, were naturally followed by sickness. Many died at Fort Snelling. The steamboat trip of over one month might, under some circumstances, have been a benefit to their health, but when 1,300 Indians were crowded like slaves on the boiler and hurricane decks of a single boat, and fed on mustyhardtack and briny pork which they had not half a chance to cook, diseases were bred which made fearful havoc during the hot months, and the 1,300 souls that landed at Crow Creek, June 1, 1863, decreased to one thousand. For a time a teepee where no one was sick could



The *Ohanzi* or Arbour was their place of worship.

scarcely be found, and it was a rare day when there was no funeral.

"So the hills were soon covered with graves. The very memory of Crow Creek became horrible to the Santees, who still hush their voices at the mention of the name" (J. P. W.).

When Mr. Williamson landed at Crow Creek, the first thing he did was to go to work to build a large open booth or arbour, to hold nearly a thousand people. All took a great interest in this building and helped as they were able, even the children bringing willows and branches of trees to cover it. Here all during the summer and until cold weather, Mr. Williamson held daily meetings, instructing the people in religion, church music and the reading and writing of their own language. On Sundays the booth was crowded. Many were baptized.

Twelve of the leading women were appointed deaconesses or Bible women, whose duties were to conduct women's prayer-meetings, read the Bible from tent to tent, and teach their less enlightened sisters.

The children also had meetings conducted by themselves. "All these means were blessed by the Holy Spirit in the breaking of the Herculean chains of Paganism" (J. P. W.).

At the time of the arrival at Crow Creek, the whole country round was uninhabited except by roving bands of hostile Indians. There was not a house within fifty miles. Colonel Clarke Thompson, the officer in

A Booth for
Worship

Building in the
Wilderness

charge of the Indians, having brought with him a small sawmill, had cottonwood logs sawed to build some agency buildings. He also built a stockade of cedar logs.

STARVATION TIME

The Indians at Crow Creek were counted prisoners of war. The agent, Colonel Thompson, had instructions to keep them close, so they were not allowed to go away from the agency where they might have found berries and roots that would have helped them through the summer. Two thousand Winnebagoes, expelled from Minnesota when that state was being cleared of Indians, were brought to Crow Creek, and they had to share the scanty rations.

The nation was in the throes of the Civil War at this time, and the matter of a band of Indians starving at Crow Creek did not receive prompt attention from the Government. When the contract for furnishing supplies was finally let, it was taken by a man who soon found that he had undertaken more than he could accomplish. It was too late for steamboat travel when his goods were ready to ship, so he started to freight them overland from Mankato. November was cold and stormy, with deep snows, and his horses began to give out before he was well on his way. When a team gave out, he was forced to leave it and its load to be devoured by hungry wolves. He had a long train of freight wagons when he started but most of them were left

to mark the trail and the few teams that finally pulled in carried what must be the season's supply for over 3,000 hungry Indians.

Colonel Thompson conceived the idea that by cooking the rations together they could make them go farther and furnish more nourishment.

Cottonwood Soup He had a large tank made, of green cottonwood boards, holding eight or ten barrels. This tank was filled with water. The flour ration for all the Indians was mixed in a barrel with a little water and stirred into the tank; a small piece of pork was added, nothing else. The steam was turned into the tank, and it could be heard puffing and sputtering all night.

The Indians were told to come in the morning when the whistle blew, bringing their pails, and they received a ladleful for each member of the family. It was strongly flavoured with green cottonwood and was very thin and unpalatable, but it was their food for the day and all that they had. Mr. Williamson tasted it and frequently saw the distribution. The Santees often refer to the time when they drank cottonwood soup.

THE BUFFALO HUNT

As winter wore on, conditions grew worse. The fourth of a ration of flour with an infinitesimal bit of salt pork was not sufficient to sustain life whether made into cottonwood soup or served straight. The death rate increased daily. Unless something could be done it seemed probable that by the time supplies

could arrive in the spring there would be no Indians left to use them.

About this time Mahpiyakahoton, (Sounding Heavens), a skillful hunter, slipped away from the camp

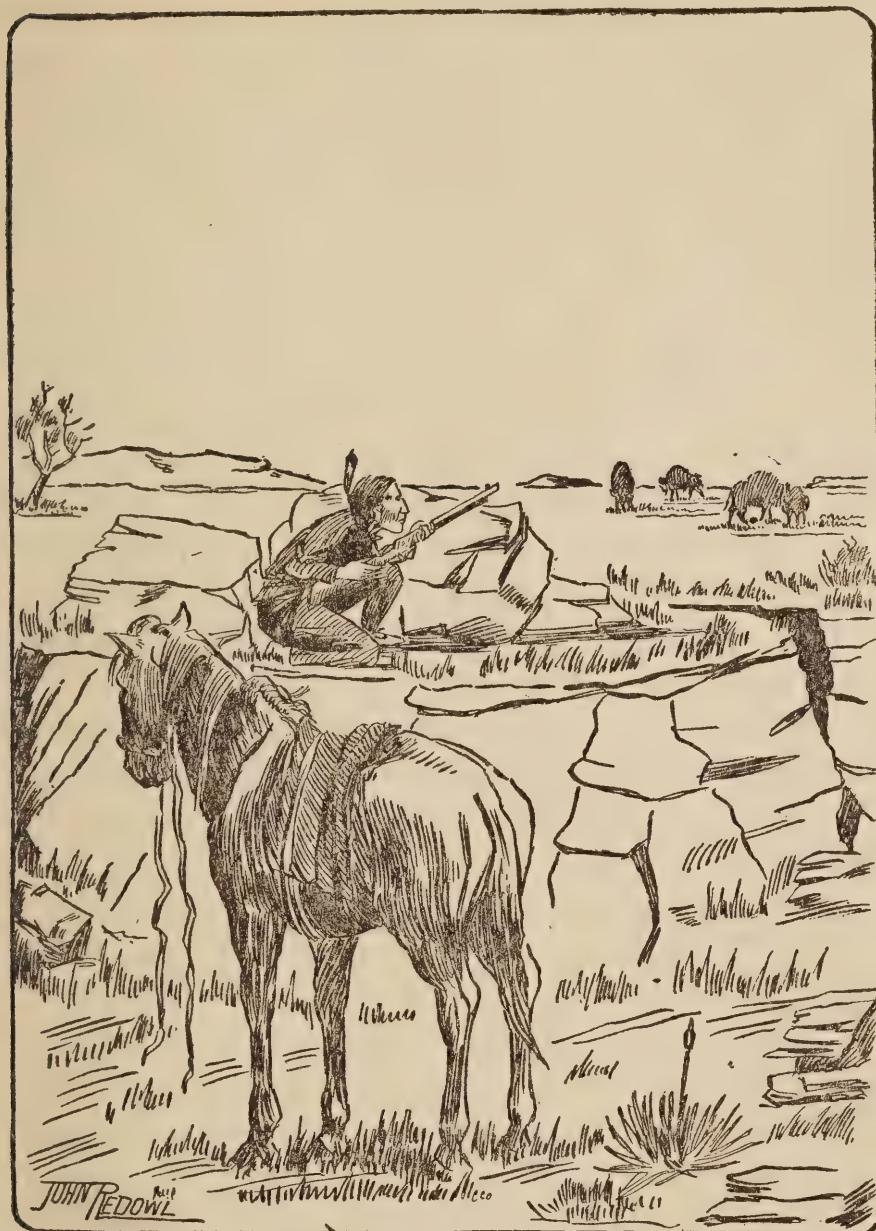
The Man
with a Gun

unobserved, and came back saying he had seen buffalo. He went again and returned bringing a load of bu-

falo meat, all he could carry, but it was only a mouthful for his hungry friends. The third time he went he killed two buffalo and by a stroke of good luck a party of western Indians came by just as he had finished skinning them. They wanted hides and buffalo meat and he wanted a horse, so an exchange was soon made, and he started back to camp, the proud possessor of the only horse in the tribe. Mahpiyakahoton also had the only gun in the camp. Firearms had been taken away from all the Indians after the Outbreak, but he had taken his gun apart and wrapped it carefully in his tent cloth and it had not been discovered.

One day Mahpiyakahoton went to Mr. Williamson and said, "I have been watching for many days now and the buffalo are coming down the Jim River, very many. If we go after them we can live well all winter. I can shoot enough for all, but if we stay here we shall all die."

The information that there were buffalo in the country and not very far away set the Indians nearly crazy. They were determined to go on a buffalo hunt. Mr. Williamson added his entreaties to theirs, showing the inhumanity of allowing innocent, help-



JOHN REDOWL

"I can shoot enough for all."

—*Mahpiyakahoton.*

less women and children to starve to death when food could be had near at hand. For several weeks Colonel Thompson remained firm in his refusal to let them go, while Mr. Williamson continued to plead for them. "Why, Williamson," he would say, "the authorities at Washington would take my head off if I should let the prisoners loose."

But finally the feelings of humanity triumphed. He called Mr. Williamson to him and said, "Williamson, this is dreadful. On one condition I will let the Indians go, and that is if you will go with them and be responsible for them and see that they don't desert to the hostiles."

Mr. Williamson gladly agreed to this proposition, and there was joy in the camp that night.

This was about the middle of January. The next morning the agent issued a little flour and salt pork and gave them half a dozen guns. The Departure and some ammunition, and they started off over the hills north of Crow Creek, about eight hundred of them, on foot, carrying their tents and household utensils.

Thinly clad, and with tents old and threadbare, they would have been at the mercy of a northern blizzard, but providentially the weather remained mild for several weeks.

They went in a northeasterly direction, making slow progress, as even the strong among them were enfeebled by hunger, and many of the little ones had to be carried the greater part of the way.

The One
Condition

The Departure

Mr. Williamson had a pony which he took along, the only horse besides Mahpiyakahoton's in all that company. He used it, not for himself, but for the benefit of the others. As they travelled on the way, many a feeble one, too weak to walk, received a "lift" on John's pony, and he, like the others, walked, carrying his pack.

When they came into the buffalo country and the hunters would start out in the morning, he would usually turn his horse and gun over to some young man whom he considered a more skillful hunter than himself, and thus he contributed to the success of the hunt.

The second night out, they camped in a swamp which was frozen over and thickly covered with swamp grass. The old women took Selecting a their knives and cut down quantities Camping Ground of this grass and laid it over the ice for bedding, and they thought they had a fine place to sleep that night.

In selecting a camping place, Mahpiyakahoton was always very particular to find a place on the leeward side of where the buffalo were supposed to be. Hunters follow the same rule in approaching their game, lest the animals get the scent and suddenly disappear for parts unknown.

Every day the young men went on ahead to see if they could locate the buffalo, and Buffalo Near one day about a week after leaving Crow Creek they came back saying they had seen buffalo. They had climbed up on a

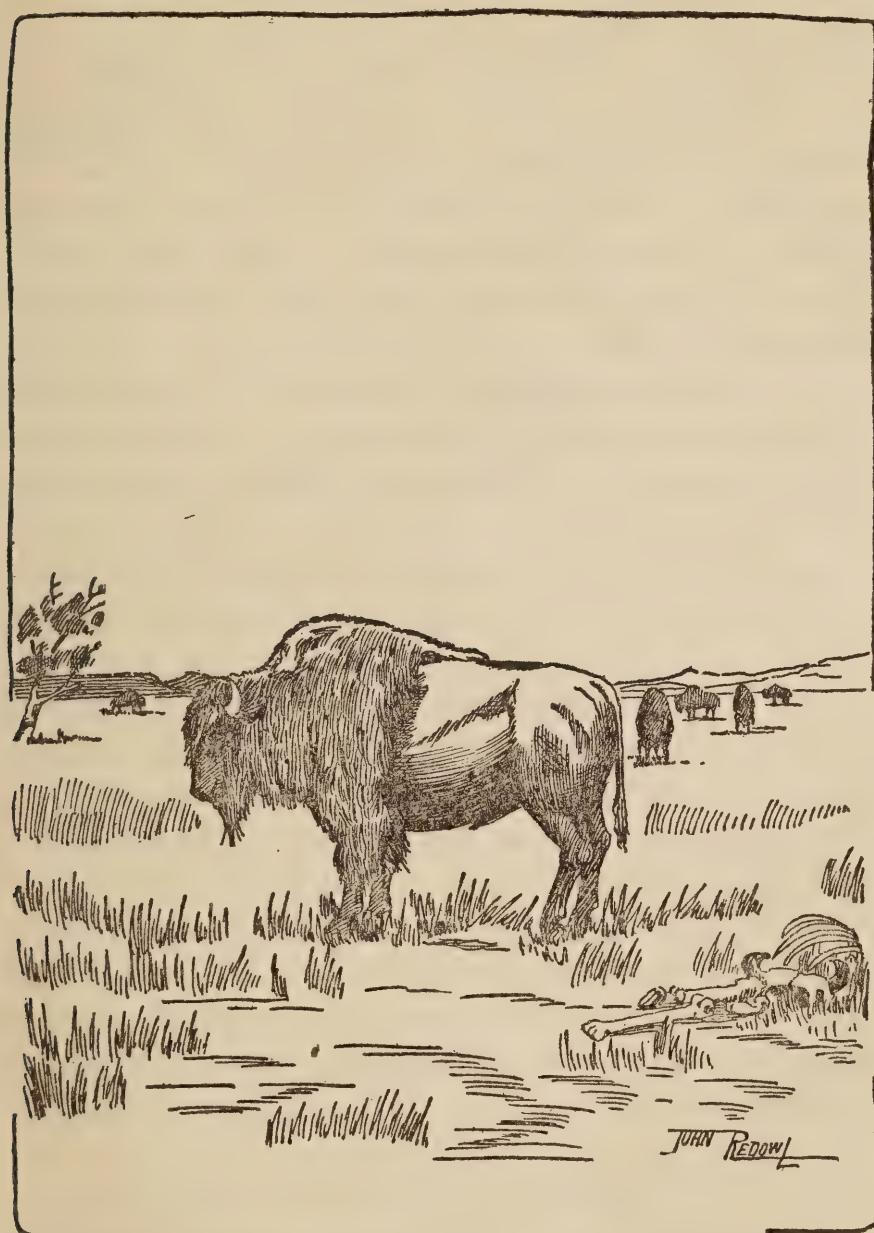
high hill and seen three small herds feeding in the distance. This was just what they wanted, for if the buffalo were all in one great herd, a fright might drive them clear out of the country. The announcement of "buffalo near" put new life into the party and it was a joyful occasion when the hunters first came staggering in with their loads of meat.

It was about where the town of Miller now stands that they first ate their fill of buffalo meat. They moved on by easy stages to the James River north of Redfield, and made a permanent camp near the Dirt Lodges of the Yanktonais which before this time had been abandoned.

The buffalo hides were nearly as important to the people as the meat. The women scraped and tanned them and they were used for making moccasins, leggings, and for tents and bedding, all of which they were needing badly. They preferred deer skin for moccasins and leggings but they had been shut away from the haunts of the deer since they were moved to the reservation.

The Indians in those days followed the "No Breakfast Plan" even when food was plenty. When travelling they would start without eating and stop at noon for a rest and informal lunch. If in camp the men would get up early and leave at once for the hunt or chase without the formality of breakfast. The principal meal was in the evening after the hunters returned with their game. The women would go out, get their share of the meat, which was

**The No
Breakfast Plan**



The Useful Buffalo.

equitably divided. Then while they prepared it the men rested and smoked.

One custom which Mr. Williamson instituted and which has ever since been followed by the Christians when travelling, was the gathering together for morning and evening prayers. Standing out in the cold and snow, a hymn would be sung, a portion of Scripture read or recited and one or more prayers would be offered.

On Sunday no hunters went out. Practically the whole camp would come together for the out-of-door services when Mr. Williamson preached and taught the Bible.

After being in the buffalo country a few weeks, a great change could be seen in the appearance of the people. The hollow eyes and Result of the Hunt emaciated forms became round and sleek. Their faces took on a happy and contented expression. Buffalo meat and nothing else was their diet, but it agreed with them.

They realized, the more thoughtful ones at least, that if it had not been for Mr. Williamson, they would all have died of starvation at Crow Creek and they never forgot the debt of gratitude they owed him for accompanying them on the life-saving buffalo hunt.

TENTING WITH A HOSTILE

During the time of the buffalo hunt the camp was under military discipline. The Tiyotipi, or Soldiers' Lodge, was placed in the center of the circle of tents.

The Officer of the Day settled any disputes that might arise, and from his decision there was no appeal. Sentinels were sent out every day and kept a lookout on the high ridge back of the camp.

One day the sentinels wigwagged that a party was approaching. This caused quite a stir in the camp. No strangers had been seen since leaving Crow Creek. The head men gathered at the Soldiers' Lodge for consultation. Soon the guards were seen approaching with three strange Indians. The head men said, "Oh, well, there are only three of them; they can't do anything even if they are hostile." And they went out to meet them.

Mr. Williamson was staying with his old friend Napesni, with whom he had made his headquarters at Redwood. Napesni came to him and said, "John, you would better stay quietly in the tent until we find out about these strangers." Through a slit in the tent, Mr. Williamson could see three strange young men being escorted to the Soldiers' Lodge. Each had a bundle of rawhide lariats over his shoulders. Food was placed before them and they said they had come from Devil's Lake and were hunting horses.

After they had eaten, the question arose, "Who should entertain the young men during their stay in camp?" Two of them found friends, one, Heyoka, being a relation of Mrs. Napesni. But the third, the stranger, who seemed to be the leader of the party, no one wanted. Heyoka introduced him as his friend, Hewanjidan, but it was soon learned that he

was a grandson of the notorious Inkpaduta, leader of the Spirit Lake Massacre.

Napesni's first thought was for the safety of John, whom he regarded as a son. He realized that although ostensibly on a horse stealing expedition, the Watohda, or Wild One, would not object to adding a scalp to his belt, especially a white man's scalp. Here old Napesni did a bit of quick thinking. "Let him come with Heyoka to my teepee," he said, and led the way. The young men followed, not knowing there was a white man in the tent. Heyoka went first and recognized Mr. Williamson, having known him when both were boys in Minnesota. Just then the Watohda peered in, and started back as if he had been shot when he saw a white man at the back of the tent. He evidently thought he had been trapped.

Mr. Williamson recognized the fierce glance of the incorrigible hostile. Napesni spoke up. "He tokeca sni. He kodawaye" (Stay, he is all right. He is my friend).

Mr. Williamson went forward, saying, "Ho, na-pemayuza do" (How do you do. Shake hands).

Only partially reassured by hearing the white man speak Dakota, there was a perceptible pause before the Wild One finally extended his hand. He crouched down near the door of the tent and could not be persuaded to cross the tent to the place of honour where the white man and Heyoka sat. At night he lay down in the same place.

Mr. Williamson slept lightly that night and for

several nights, though Napesni assured him he had made the best possible arrangement for his safety. "Because," he said, "an Indian has such regard for Indian etiquette that he never breaks the laws of hospitality by killing a fellow guest. But if the hostile were to go to some other tent and then find out that there was a white man in the camp, he would not leave without his scalp."

The "Wild One" remained in the camp about ten days, apparently waiting for his companions to go on with him. But they had found friends and did not care to go farther.

One morning at daybreak the hostile's place just inside the tent door was found vacant. Napesni looked around and then called to Mr. Williamson, "Well, John, are you all right? The Wild One has gone."

Upon investigation it was found that he had not gone alone. Two young women of the camp were missing, one a young girl, the other the younger and favourite wife of an old man, who was loud in his lamentations. "If he had only taken the other one," he told Mr. Williamson, "I would not have cared."

The tracks of the three were found in the snow, leading to the north. The young men started out and tracked them all day, hoping to overtake them and bring back the women, but at nightfall they gave it up and returned to camp.

It was afterwards learned that when the hostile, with the two women, reached Devil's Lake, they

found that the Indians had all left there and gone on to Canada. So thither they followed them. It was a long journey for a man to make on foot, 400 miles through the winter snows, with only a blanket and his gun for aids, and two women on his hands, but he made it successfully.

Among the early heathen Indians, it was not counted dishonourable, but rather a proof of valour, to successfully steal horses or women.

A year or more after the unceremonious departure of the hostile, one of the Indians who had been away said to Mr. Williamson, "Your old Koda (friend) is dead." "Who?" he asked with apprehension. "Why, your old Koda, the Wild One, whom you slept with on the buffalo hunt."

It seems the Watohda had started out again on a horse stealing expedition. He had made his way to the settlements in Minnesota and was returning with two fine horses when he was intercepted by the Indian scouts who were patrolling the border. He resisted arrest and in the scrimmage that followed he was shot and killed.

So this was the end of the Wild One.

PASTORAL VISITATION, OR, A TRIP TO THE SCOUTS' CAMP

Running from north to south, in the eastern part of South Dakota, lies a high table-land which was formerly known as the Coteau des Prairies. Along this Coteau, after the Outbreak, General Sibley stationed a company of Indian scouts to patrol the

border and protect the Minnesota settlements from marauding bands of hostiles. The scouts were allowed to have their families with them and camped at different points along the Coteau. It so happened that a majority of the scouts were Christians, and Mr. Williamson considered the Scouts' Camp as a part of his parish.

So, being in their vicinity, presumably not more than a hundred miles away, he decided to run over and make them a pastoral visit.

He made known his intention to the men of the camp and said he would like to have some one go with him as companion and guide. Heyoka, who had come to the camp a few weeks before with the "Wild One," at once volunteered to go, saying he knew the country well. Two other young men wanted to go, so there were four who started early the next morning, carrying as packs only an extra blanket apiece for bedding and two days' rations of dried buffalo meat.

Heyoka went ahead, swinging easily into the dog-trot of the professional runner. Mr. Williamson, though in excellent physical condition, was not much inured to this form of travel, and before the day's journey of fifty miles was over, was considerably fatigued. One of the young men who started turned back during the first day, finding the pace too swift.

The second day they hoped to reach the camp of the scouts. The north wind came up, bitterly cold, but they hurried on, running most of the way, until they reached the Coteau at the point where they had

expected to find the Scouts' Camp. But there was no camp there and no tracks could be seen. They were much disappointed.

By this time the wind had increased to a regular gale. They sought shelter in a little ravine but could not get away from the penetrating wind. They wrapped their blankets around them and lay down in the snow but could not sleep in the terrible weather. It was a relief when daylight came.

Heyoka said the scouts must be camped at the foot of Big Stone Lake, and away towards the lake they sped at a good pace. Arriving there in a few hours they found no sign of a camp and were again disappointed.

"Well," said Heyoka, "there is one other place where the camp can be, and that is at the head of Big Stone Lake, at the crossing between it and Lake Traverse," so away they went again, walking and running on ice or land a distance of about forty miles along the east side of the lake, the bitter north wind now full in their faces.

When they reached the crossing there was again no camp, but a trail began to be visible in the snow. "Well, they can't be far off now," said Heyoka, and they started again and followed the trail until darkness overtook them. Then they lay down in the snow without any supper, having finished the last of their dried meat that morning before starting and having covered a distance of some seventy miles since that time.

The next morning Heyoka said, "Well, John,

this is Anpetu Wakan, the Holy Day, and I know you don't travel on Sunday, but what are we going to do? This is a poor place to camp and we can't stay here and starve."

Mr. Williamson agreed that they look around for food and a better place to camp. After going a few miles they climbed a high hill, and looking down, saw what appeared to be a deserted camping ground. They lost no time in reaching the place, and found unmistakable signs of recent campers. They were sure it had been the Scouts' Camp because there were tin cans lying around, which the wild Indians would not have been likely to have.

They began at once to scrape around in the snow to see if they could discover anything to satisfy their hunger and found some braided strings of Indian corn, or rather cobs on which the horses had left a few grains of corn. They carefully shelled these off, and in an old camp kettle that had been left behind they soon had a corn stew boiling merrily.

Mr. Williamson, in looking around, found a can half full of some kind of grease which he supposed was tallow, and he added it to the stew to give it a meat flavour.

When the corn was done, Heyoka helped himself to a generous mouthful but immediately spat it out with an exclamation of disgust. "Ugh! You've spoiled our dinner."

It did not take Mr. Williamson long to ascertain that their corn was completely ruined. The can of fat which he was so pleased to find was some

nauseous compound, probably axle grease or horse liniment. Hungry as they were they could not swallow a mouthful.

Heyoka and the other young man grumbled some, but there was nothing to do but to hunt around for more cobs and shell off more grains. They tried no experiments this time, and when it was half done sat down to their Sunday dinner of plain boiled corn, without salt or seasoning of any kind.

Having contrived a rude shelter from some willows and tree branches they found lying about, they rested after their belated meal, and closed the day with song and prayer.

In the morning they took the trail again, and had not gone far when they saw a man, evidently a sentry, on the height of land a mile or so away. Going on, they soon met him and found he was one of the scouts and an old acquaintance. He gladly escorted them to the Scouts' Camp, where they received a warm welcome and answered many inquiries about their friends in the Buffalo Hunt Camp.

They were invited around from tent to tent and every place they went a big feed was placed before them, until they were more in danger from feasting than they had been from fasting.

They remained about a week, Mr. Williamson holding meetings every day, and then returned to the camp on the Jim River.

A TRIP TO PRESBYTERY

Upon returning from the buffalo hunt Mr.

Williamson began to make preparations to go to Presbytery, which was to meet at Winnebago City, Minnesota. He thought he would drive, and procured a light wagon and another pony to go with the one he had. By starting early he hoped to avoid the freshets caused by melting snows, but the spring came early and with a rush. Snow-drifts began to melt, streams of water filled every ravine, and by the time he was ready to start, Crow Creek was a rushing torrent, overflowing all the bottom.

Mr. Williamson sat on the bank and watched it for several hours. Should he risk his life and that of his horses by trying to cross? When he reflected that this was only the beginning of the streams that would come in his way and that all would be swollen by the rapid melting of the unusually heavy snows, he decided that "discretion is the better part of valour," and determined to find some other way to go.

He remembered that he had seen an old Indian woman scooping out a log to make a canoe. He looked her up and tried to bargain with her for the canoe, but she said, "No. I worked very hard to make that canoe and I need it to go across the river after dry wood."

Mr. Williamson looked around her tent and saw she had very little in the way of bedding. He be-thought himself of a heavy wool blanket he had recently purchased, and said, "I have something nice, something you will like, that I will give you for the canoe." She asked, "What is it?" He



They camped the first night in the bushes at the mouth of American Creek.

said, "A good wool blanket." She said, "I will go and look at it." When she had seen it, she said, "Well, you may have the canoe. I need a blanket very badly, and I suppose I can make another canoe."

So Mr. Williamson prepared for his canoe trip down the Missouri. It was soon noised abroad through the camp that he was going down the river, and he had two applications for passage, one from a young man who wanted to go down to friends at Pease Island. The other applicant was a stout and elderly Yankton Indian who had been on a trip up river and lost his horses. Mr. Williamson said he would take them if they would both work hard paddling the canoe.

To this they agreed, and having secured three paddles, they started on their voyage late in the afternoon. That night they camped in the bushes at the mouth of American Creek. There was nothing then to mark the location of the town of Chamberlain, and they saw no human being until they reached Yankton Agency at the close of the second day. This was a big day's journey, being seventy-five or eighty miles by land, and nearly as much more by the winding waters of the Missouri. They started at daybreak, and it was dusk when they reached Yankton Agency. The old man liked to smoke, and Mr. Williamson said to him, "You smoke too much. You said you would row hard if I would take you." The young man did not row very hard, but he liked to poke fun at the old man.

The third day Mr. Williamson started on alone, having left his passengers. He was told at the agency that he could not make Yankton that night, but he succeeded in doing it. This was a distance of ninety miles or more by water, which was a long row for a man to make alone, especially after paddling one hundred and forty miles the day before.

Yankton was the principal white settlement in the country at that time, though it contained perhaps not more than a dozen houses. But the hotel was rather pretentious, a two-story structure, near the spot where "The Merchants" still stands.

Mr. Williamson tried to dispose of his canoe, but did not succeed, so he asked the landlord to try to sell it for him. This he agreed to do, and had it hauled up and set by the side of the hotel. Here it made a convenient watering trough and could be seen there for many years. One might surmise that the landlord was not very energetic in his efforts to sell it. At any rate, Mr. Williamson never received anything for it, but he felt that it had served him a good turn.

The journey from Yankton to Sioux City was made by stage coach. From there on, there was no public conveyance to Minnesota, almost no road, only a trail here and there. Mr. Williamson tried to hire some one to take him as far as Spirit Lake, but the only man who would consider it at all asked such an exorbitant price that he decided to start out and walk. The first day he had a lift of several miles from a travelling fur trader, and made forty



Only the Coyotes and Jack-Rabbits for company.

miles that day, his ordinary day's travel being twenty-five or thirty miles. He had never been over this route before, but he knew the direction he wanted to go, and the trappers he met would tell him which were the best trails and where to cross the streams.

At night he would lie down under the open heavens with only the coyotes and jack-rabbits for company.

So he came to Winnebago City the day before the opening of Presbytery. It was at this meeting that he met Miss Sarah Vannice, who two years later became his wife.

After Presbytery and a visit at the home of his parents in Traverse, Minnesota, Mr. Williamson started back to Crow Creek, taking a steamboat from St. Paul to Kansas City and expecting to go all the way by boat. Upon reaching Kansas City he found a boat going up the Missouri, but it went only as far as Sioux City. There he was told that there might be a boat going on up the river in a week, or it might be longer. Mr. Williamson was never good at waiting, so he took the stage from Sioux City to Fort Randall, a two days' journey.

There he was just too late for the freighters' teams, so he started to walk, thinking he might overtake them. The Government Trail followed the ridge at the head of the smaller creeks and draws, and was from five to fifteen miles from the river. By this time it was dry and very hot. The ravines which a

few weeks before were full of running water were now dry, even the water-holes being dried up.

After travelling from early morning to afternoon without finding any water, he began to be very thirsty. The Missouri could be seen at times from the high places, but he hated to lose time by turning down to the river, and he always had the hope that at the next ravine he would find water.

As evening came on, his sufferings from thirst became intense. He came to a deep ravine that looked as if it ought to have water-holes and started down it looking for water. He found none, but kept following it towards the river.

Darkness came on, with clouds, so that it was very dark except for lightning flashes in the northwest. But he pressed on along the bed of the creek, often falling headlong to the bottom of a washout or dry water-hole. Rising, he would carefully feel around to see if he could not find a little water in the farthest corner of the hole, but in vain.

So he stumbled on for more than half the night, until finally he reached the river more dead than alive and plunging in up to his waist, drank his fill. Then he crept out and lay down on the bank to sleep.

In the morning he discovered that he was near to the house of a rancher, Archambeau the Red, so called from his head of flaming red hair. Here he had breakfast and related his experience of the night before.

Then he continued his journey and overtook the

freighters the day before they reached Crow Creek, but their teams were so worn out he did not ask to ride.

The second and third years at Crow Creek, the Indians were a little better supplied with provisions than the first year, though they never had enough to eat, and it was a low monotonous diet.

The school flourished the second and third winters, having an average of over a hundred pupils. One

reason why it was easier to handle Crow Creek School that many pupils in one room than it would be to-day was, as Mr. Williamson said, because they were all eager to learn.

One or two of Mr. Williamson's methods in teaching are worth mentioning. School books were very scarce, and he made great use of charts, literally papering the walls with them. The charts were of his own making. He mixed lampblack with oil, and with a brush painted the words of lessons and songs on old newspapers, making them large and plain, so that they could easily be seen across the large room. When one of these chart lessons was well learned by the school it was taken down and replaced by a new one.

Another method was his plan of using pupil teachers. As soon as a pupil became proficient enough to read the Bible well, he was put in charge of a group less advanced, and probably learned as much from teaching as the group did from being under instruction.

One picturesque feature connected with the school was the calling of the time for school by an old man who had been "*eyanpaha*" or crier
The School Crier for heathen ceremonies and dances.

He was converted and wanted some Christian work to do. Mr. Williamson told him he could be crier for the school and for church services. He took a pride in his position and performed his duties with faithfulness and ability. He would be on hand early every morning and wait until Mr. Williamson told him it was time for school. Then he would start around the camp and call on the children and young people to come to school, not always in the same set phrases, but with remarks varied to suit the occasion, and all in a sort of rhythmic chant which was more musical than any school bell.

Mr. Williamson called to his aid in school and religious work Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond of Minnesota. Both being children of early Help in the Work missionaries, they already understood the language, and having a fine spirit of consecration they made valuable workers.

Colonel Thompson offered the use of one of the large buildings he had put up, if Mr. Williamson would finish it, its walls being only one thickness of cottonwood boards. So Mr. Williamson and Mr. Pond took as part of their summer work the making of adobes to line this building. And in the fall they built them into a solid wall all around the inside. So they had a good warm room for school and church services the last two winters.

Results of
the School

During these years a large number learned to read and write their own language, received some drill in practical number work, and many ideas of civilization. The more advanced ones also received a start in learning English. The religious motive was never lost sight of. Many passages of Scripture were memorized and there was daily instruction in morals and religion. A number of those who have since been leaders among their people were Mr. Williamson's pupils at Crow Creek.

Some Prisoners
Set Free

Dr. T. S. Williamson had been using all his influence trying to get the prisoners at Davenport set free, especially some against whom no charges could be found. After corresponding with Government officials for some time, he went to Washington and wrote from there, April 15, 1864:—"I have been here almost two weeks and have as yet effected very little. I still hope to get as many as one-third of the prisoners released and sent to their families, but I shall have a long, hard fight of it with the Minnesota politicians. I can accomplish nothing here except by prayer, patience and perseverance."

As a result of his efforts, about forty men were released and joined their families at Crow Creek in July, 1864, no charges having been found against them.

Shortly after the arrival of these men, Mr. Williamson preached a strong sermon on the duty of Chris-

tian marriage. At the close, he called upon all who were ready to come forward and be united in marriage. A number came forward in a bunch. Upon counting them he found that there were sixteen men and fifteen women. It took some time to get them paired off so he could tell which was the odd man. He asked the man, "Where is your wife?" He replied, "She is not here. She is in the tent. She does not want to get married, but I do." The man was quite disappointed to learn that it took more than one to consummate a marriage ceremony. The other fifteen couples were happily married.

A Marriage Ceremony

In the early spring of 1866, the Santees were removed from Crow Creek. Eight years later Mr. Williamson visited the place and wrote as follows: "In our journeyings this summer we chanced to set foot again on the once familiar soil of Crow Creek, when strange memories filled our soul. It was here, after floating on angry billows for months, not knowing but that Isle Royal was to be our Ararat, that we, with the banished Santees from Minnesota, were landed in the spring of 1863. Our hearts bled at the sight of the captive women and children, who, like the Israelites at Babylon, sat down by the rivers and wept.

"Although eight years had intervened, we could see, as if it were but yesterday, almost every day of the three years we spent there. As we stepped into the old schoolhouse, now used as a boarding-house, it

seemed as if a hundred scholars were there awaiting us, and our eyes ran up the walls to see if the Lesson Papers, printed with our own hands, were there, which they learned by scores in a class. As we walked down by the willows, though no one else could see them, before our eyes were stretched out those long booths where all the people came together to cry and to sing, to speak and to pray.

"As we cast our eyes up the hills, we could see that almost continuous funeral procession. If the bones of human dead could be made to enrich the ground, and tears to water fields, rich harvests would have driven away one monster that always spread his frightful shadow over the Santees at Crow Creek.

"But when they humbled themselves before the Lord, He was gracious unto them, and they did not serve out the time of the Children of Israel at Babylon. At the end of three years, these captives from the willows of Crow Creek, and the prisoners from Davenport, were both released and brought together at Santee Agency, Nebraska."

V

NIOBRARA, BAZILE AND SANTEE

No man is born into the world
Whose work is not born with him.

—*Lowell.*

IN the spring of 1866, Mr. Williamson again went to Minnesota to attend the meeting of Presbytery and also to be present at another important event. This was his marriage to Miss Sarah A. Vannice, which was solemnized, April 27, 1866, at the Vannice home, two miles from Winnebago City, Rev. J. E. Conrad being the officiating clergyman.

Marriage to Miss Sarah A. Vannice

Five o'clock was the hour set for the ceremony. The guests were assembled, the wedding supper was ready and waiting, but the bridegroom did not appear.

Finally, about eight o'clock, after some of the guests had started home, approaching wheels were heard, and Mr. Williamson arrived, with his sister Nannie. They had had an adventurous time reaching there, fording swollen streams, especially the Blue Earth River, where Mr. Williamson had to swim his horses across, look for a boat in which to

cross his sister Nannie, and procure a wagon to take the place of the one they had left on the other side.

Mr. Williamson was commissioner to the General Assembly that year. It met at St. Louis, and there

The Wedding Journey

he went with his young bride on the wedding journey. After the Assembly they embarked on the steamer, *Kate Kinney*, for the trip up the Missouri River. In a letter written from the deck of the steamboat, June 1st, Mr. Williamson says: "We had a pleasant stopping place with a rich Fourth Street merchant. It seemed almost like the middle of summer in St. Louis. We feasted all the time on strawberries and various vegetables."

They landed at Niobrara, June 10th. About the same time the Santees arrived from Crow Creek and rejoined the prisoners from Davenport. They landed at Niobrara port who had been released and reached there a few weeks earlier. United, they formed a band of 1,300 Indians. "That was a glad and a sad meeting, but the gladness prevailed over the sadness. All had passed through strange trials and tribulations, and God had brought them out into a large place. The prisoners had prayed that their chains might be removed. God heard them, and the chains were now a thing of the past. They had prayed that they might again have a country, and now they were in the way of receiving that at the hand of the Lord" ("Mary and I").



Mr. and Mrs. Williamson at the Time of Their Marriage.

When Mr. and Mrs. Williamson landed at Niobrara, there was little to remind one of the town as it is to-day. A large frame structure, built for a hotel, but never occupied, was the most imposing feature on the landscape. This hotel was built at the time of the gold-seekers' rush to California, '49-'50, when it was thought that the principal highway to the coast would cross the river at this point. The route was changed, going further south, and the hotel was left standing, a monument of hopes unfulfilled. In this building Mr. and Mrs. Williamson set up their first housekeeping.

Mrs. Williamson's first experience in Indian country was quite a change in her life. One of a large family, accustomed to young company, she must have passed some lonely hours in the old hotel, especially when Mr. Williamson was away all day, as frequently happened. Fortunately Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond, who had continued with the Indians from Crow Creek, had rooms in the same building, and she soon became interested in working with Mrs. Pond among the women.

The summer at Niobrara was a time of reorganization. Dr. T. S. Williamson, Dr. S. R. Riggs and Rev. J. B. Renville were present and assisted Mr. Williamson in a week of organization services, culminating in the communion service of July 29, 1866. This was the organization of Pilgrim Presbyterian Church, the

First
Housekeeping

Organization of
Pilgrim Church

name being given in memory of the pilgrimages of its members.

It was an impressive occasion when the members of the Prison Church at Davenport and their families from the Crow Creek Church, after four years' separation, met together for the first time to commemorate Christ's love to them. The same plan was used here as at Crow Creek, of having a large arbour covered with leafy branches, as a place of assembling.

The Prison Church was all one, though a few of the men had been Episcopalians before the Outbreak. Soon after the removal to

Dismissals Niobrara, Rev. Mr. Hinman visited there and organized an Episcopal church to which thirty-three men were dismissed, and ten women, wives of some of these men.

By this time a few of the Indians began drifting back to their old homes in Minnesota, the regulations keeping them out of the state being by this time less rigidly enforced. A Presbyterian church was organized among those in the vicinity of Redwood, and to this church sixteen members were dismissed.

Thirty-three were also dismissed to the church near Fort Wadsworth, the church of the Scouts' Camp.

These dismissals left 157 members from the Prison Church at Davenport, and 225 from the Crow Creek Church, making a total of 382 names. Thirty-five accessions the next Sunday, August 4th, brought the membership up to over 400.

These members were organized into ten different classes according to the bands to which they be-

longed, as, the Yellow Medicine Class, the Leaf Shooters' Class, the Prairie Dwellers' Class, etc. At the organization meeting, the list of names was read, and each member, as his name was called, would rise and state to which class he wished to belong. One or more elders were placed over each class, two if there were more than forty in the class.

In looking over the records of the early days of the Crow Creek Church and the Pilgrim Church, one is impressed with the fact that the duties and privileges of church membership were made to mean something to these people just emerging from heathenism. One finds many cases of suspension from church privileges and the communion season. Usually there follows a record of repentance, confession and restoration.

Church Membership Meant Something

The responsibility that was placed upon the elders seems rather remarkable when we consider how short a time it had been since they were themselves in heathenism. They were always exhorted to study the Bible and to follow its precepts in governing the church. They did so with a directness and a literalness that would be rather disconcerting to church members to-day. As we read the names of those who received public reprimand for jealousy, evil speaking, quarrelling, not loving wives, not loving husbands, we are reminded of the days of the Scotch Covenanters.

One frequent cause for discipline was the use of

heathen practices in times of sickness, calling in the conjurer or medicine man. One woman was admonished for having in her possession a medicine sack, which she was directed to destroy at once. Such faults as these were connected with their old heathen religion. There was another cause of the fall of some, which is still common, though happily becoming less so, and that was strong drink.

But the line along which there were most frequent lapses, and which gave Mr. Williamson and the other missionaries grave concern, was in connection with the marriage relation. This has continued through the years to be a perplexing problem.

Mr. Williamson wrote April 3, 1872, evidently in answer to a question from a fellow missionary, as to what to do with a man who wanted to leave his wife to whom he had not been legally married :

"We have had so many mixed cases to deal with that the precedent may not be as clear as it should be. When the men came home from prison they generally went immediately to the tents of their old wives. Afterwards many of them found that during their absence the women had been unfaithful and they left them and wished to be married to others, and many were allowed to do so.

"The reason of this, not being impressed upon them I suppose as it should, seemed to establish a precedent that a man could leave his wife and marry another if he had not taken Christian vows. We had great trouble to get them to take Christian

Marriage and
Divorce

vows of marriage, had to enjoin it a great deal, and ultimately had to discipline all those persons who refused to take them. This naturally led the Indians to think that they could more easily rid themselves of wives to whom no vows had been made, and therefore that it was less sin, though I hardly think any can be so ignorant as to think it is no sin.

"There is no question which has caused so many anxious thoughts to me as this, and none which has been the subject of more discussion in the session.

"We are the farthest in the world from setting up any papal doctrine of infallibility to our decisions. Indeed, I often think I can see after it is past that we have erred. If there were less sin, there would be less perplexity, and with advance in grace and knowledge, I believe there will be less sin.

"As to discipline, I should instruct the session as well as I could, and let them know that they were responsible for the decision. Sometimes when they have decided contrary to my advice, I have thought afterwards that their decision was the best.

"Let us remember God rules."

This church was early trained to be a church of givers. While still at Crow Creek, December 3, 1865, there is a record of a collection **A Giving Church** amounting to \$15.23. The collections for support of native pastors during the last quarter of 1870 amounted to \$25.85. Weekly collection for the poor, January 8, 1871, was \$4.02 and an otter skin.

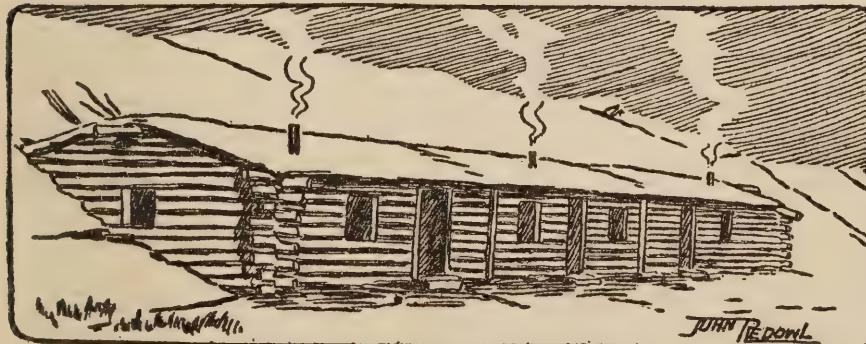
Not long after reaching Niobrara, it was learned that the Indians were to be moved to Bazile Creek, five or six miles away. Here Mr. **Building at Bazile** Williamson decided to erect Mission buildings. During the fall months Mr. Williamson and Mr. Pond made the trip from Niobrara to Bazile every day to work on the buildings, and about the first of December they occupied them. These buildings were three in number, built in a row, all of logs, and set in the side of the bluff, so that the back wall was a part of the bank. The middle building was the largest, a long double log house, which was used for church services and for school.

One of the ablest of the native preachers, Rev. John Eastman, received his start in the Bazile School during the first winter. He had not been at Crow Creek, having gone with his people to Canada after the Outbreak, and two years later returned and with others camped in the neighbourhood of Davenport, that they might be near the prisoners. When quite a small boy he had seen Mr. Williamson at Redwood and again when he visited the prisoners at Davenport, but had not known him well before this time.

Mr. Eastman tells of his first entrance to school:

"One day I was walking by the schoolhouse, and from within I heard singing, and thought, 'Well, I will go in and hear the singing better.' So I went in. Mr. Williamson was teaching them singing. He knew me, although I had not seen him for over

Rev. John
Eastman



From within they hear singing.
The Bazile School.

two years, and said, 'You are Manylightnings' son.' At that time I wore a blanket and lived according to the custom for Indian young men, but from that time on I began to go to school, and since then I have always been near to Mr. Williamson."

The spirit of ambition which was roused in him this first year prompted him, with Joseph Rogers and two other young men, to walk from Flandreau, 150 miles, in severe winter weather, sleeping on the snow, with only their blankets for protection, to enroll among the first pupils of the Santee Normal Training School.

Following out the plan of raising up a native ministry, Mr. Williamson proposed to the people that

Two Native
Pastors

two men be elected as pastors of the church. At a church meeting at which Dr. Williamson and Dr. S. R. Riggs were both present, assisting Mr. Williamson, the election was held, the vote of the members being taken by ballot. Titus Icaduze and Artemas Ehnamani were chosen. After receiving the recommendation of Presbytery they were ordained and installed as pastors of the church, in August, 1867.

Rev. Ehnamani continued as pastor of Pilgrim Church for over thirty years, as long as he lived. He was succeeded by his son, Rev. Francis Frazier, who still occupies that position. Rev. Albert Frazier, another son, is now pastor of the Bazile Church. Albert and Francis were two of Mr. Williamson's brightest pupils in the Crow Creek School.

It is told of Ehnamani that he danced the scalp dance on the site of the city of Minneapolis when it was only a wind-swept prairie. He was a mighty hunter and was counted the best deer shot in the Sioux nation. He was converted in the prison at Mankato and turned his attention to hunting souls instead of game. Tall and straight as an arrow, with piercing black eyes, he was a man of commanding presence even in his later years.

The first Presbytery organized in Minnesota was the Presbytery of the Dakota Mission. When later,

A Separate Presbytery ministers came in to work among the white settlers who began to locate in that section of the state, they formed a part of the same Presbytery. At the meeting of the Synod of Minnesota at Mankato, September 30, 1867, the question of a division of the Presbytery came up.

Excepting the missionaries, the ministers in attendance, including officers of the Mission Boards, were almost without exception in favour of a division according to geographical limits, as is the usual custom. Mr. Williamson was very strong in his belief that the Indian work was a separate and distinct work. The Sioux Indians, being scattered through five states, would form only a small minority in any Presbytery formed according to geographical limits. The Indian ministers were not ready to take their place with their white brethren, and, being few in number, would be overlooked, and their claims

crowded out. He believed also that they would miss the enthusiasm which would come from working all together for their fellow Sioux.

Mr. Williamson won the ministers over and carried the day. A new and separate Presbytery was organized, composed entirely of Indian ministers and churches and the white missionaries labouring among them, and retaining the name, Dakota Presbytery. Mr. Williamson in speaking of this occasion afterwards referred to it as a hard fight. Time has shown the wisdom of his plan.

Mr. Williamson wrote from Bazile, February 14, 1867 : "I begin to feel more and more that as long as they (the Santees) are kept on the wing like a regiment of soldiers, there will be no improvement in their temporal condition. Self-support can never be attained in such a state. And for their spiritual condition, the grace of God is sufficient for all things, but we can hardly expect spiritual progress amid so many drawbacks. But I trust there is some prospect of a permanent settlement before long."

In October, 1867, Pilgrim Church, true to its name, made another pilgrimage, this time ten miles farther down the river to the place where the Government had located a permanent agency for the Santees. This made necessary another building period.

But it was impossible to finish all the buildings that fall. So the Williamson and Pond families kept

Evil Effects
of Migration

Removal to
Santee Agency

their residence at Bazile that winter, Mr. Williamson making many trips to the agency. That winter they kept from fifteen to twenty young men as boarding pupils. They occupied the large room north of the chapel. This was the prelude to Santee Normal Training School.

On Saturdays the boys were allowed to go to their homes at the agency to spend the Sabbath. Mr. Williamson usually walked with them and one of their number has told how much they learned from those walks and talks together.

The new Mission buildings at Santee Agency were built on the first rise from the river bottom, which is two miles wide at this point. These log houses were directly north of the present site of the Santee Normal Training School, in what has since been a corn field.

At that time the river bottom was covered with large cottonwood trees, if not a primeval forest, certainly but little touched by the hand of man. The stumps of some of these old trees may still be seen, one of them not far from the site of the old Mission buildings measuring five feet in diameter.

The usual way of crossing the Missouri was by log canoe, except when the ice formed a natural bridge. The railroad to Sioux City was finished in 1868, the year they moved to Santee. The locating of the agency brought regular mail service, mail being received by stage from Yankton once a week. The town of Springfield was not started until three years later.

Conditions were far in advance of what they had been in the days of the early Mission at Lacquiparle, when the missionaries were two hundred miles from the post-office and seldom received any mail during the winter months, but it was still pioneering to be a missionary. Mr. Pond walked on the ice to Yankton thirty miles away, one winter night, to get a doctor for the Williamson baby who was ill with pneumonia.

The religious and school work was carried on along the same lines as at Bazile. The growing im-

Need of a
Training School

portance of the educational work was seen by Mr. Williamson, especially the need of a school of higher grade for the training of those who would be pastors and Christian workers among their people. It seemed to him that Santee Agency was the natural place for the location of such a school, as the Santees were already interested in education. For himself, he felt that school and class-room work was not the line along which he could do the most good.

He heard the call of the thousands of Dakotas as yet unevangelized. He looked into the future and saw his life-work very much as it was fulfilled, reaching those who were still in darkness and caring for churches yet to be formed. But he was very anxious to have some able man come and undertake the building up of such a school as his mind had pictured.

As he thought over the names of different ones in

the circle of his acquaintance, he could think of no one so well adapted to the work as Call to Alfred L. Riggs his boyhood friend, Alfred L. Riggs, who by this time had been several years in the pastorate among white people. He was a man of scholarly mind and executive ability. He knew the Indians and spoke their language.

Mr. Williamson wrote to him, urging the claims of the work and his fitness for it. The thought of entering the Indian work was not new to Mr. Riggs. Still it was hard for him to think of giving up his successful pastorate. He promised, however, to come out and look the field over, which he did in the summer of '69.

Having decided that it was his duty to take up the work, he resigned his pastorate at Woodstock, Illinois, and came with his family to Santee Agency, in May, 1870. Mr. Williamson was in Philadelphia at the time, attending the General Assembly, but he sent a message to Mr. Riggs, "Welcome to the glorious workshop of our sires."

Mr. Riggs went immediately to work to build a chapel and residence, logs for which had already been cut and hauled to the Government sawmill. These and a number of other substantial buildings soon rose upon the campus, for Mr. Riggs had the faculty of enlisting the hearty support of friends in the East. Better yet, he had the gift of moulding Christian character in the lives of those whom he touched, and the Santee Normal Training School soon began to be known as a center of Christian life

and power for all the Dakota Mission field. Dr. Riggs put into practice many advanced ideas in the school, and has been accorded no little reputation as an educator, but his name will always be revered by the Dakota Mission for the strong but kindly Christian personality which dominated the school and made itself felt in many places beyond.

Mr. Williamson felt called to preach the Gospel to the Yankton Indians, thirty miles up the river, on the other side. So he packed his household goods on a one horse wagon and with a cow tied behind, crossed the Missouri, March 18, 1869. He returned for his family, and early the next morning they crossed on foot, Mr. Williamson going ahead with a long pole to try the ice, which went out the following day.

Mr. and Mrs. Pond remained with the work at Santee for a year after Mr. Riggs' arrival. Miss Julia La Framboise, an educated young woman of mixed blood, also taught in the school.

Mr. Williamson retained oversight of the church, visiting it at least once in three months, at the communion season, until the spring of 1871, when Mr. Riggs took the entire charge and in 1883 it became a Congregational Church.

The Gospel to
the Yanktons

VI

EARLY YEARS AT YANKTON AGENCY

"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved."—*Paul.*

WHEN Mr. Williamson went to Yankton Agency there was no resident missionary of any denomination within the bounds of what are now the states of South and North Dakota, and there were less than half a dozen clergymen of all denominations labouring among the white people of the territory.



The treaty with the Yanktons was ratified in 1859, and soon after they were located on the reservation, extending thirty miles along the east bank of the Missouri River. The Yanktons numbered 2,600 at the time of the treaty.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, on arriving at the agency, were kindly received by the agent, Major Conger, and his wife. There were at this time three double log houses in a string along the river bank. Major Conger kindly gave the Williamsons the use of half of one of these log houses as a temporary home. He also gave the use of the Council Room, which was one end of the large warehouse, for church and school purposes, except when needed for other assemblies.

When Mr. Williamson went among them the Yanktons all lived in tents, all wore blankets, all painted their faces, and men as well as women wore their hair in long braids, the men usually having their braids wrapped with strips of fur. The younger people followed the fashion of covering the face with the blanket, so that it was not easy to pick old acquaintances out of a group.

Condition of
the Yanktons
This custom of covering the face was formerly universal among the Sioux, and probably originated as a sort of camouflage in the days when they could never tell behind what bush lurked an enemy.

The men were all armed, either with guns or with bows and arrows. In connection with the agency



Scaffold for Burying.

there was a round house and stockade of cedar logs, to be used in case of an uprising of the Indians.

All were idolaters, worshipping the sun and moon and the Thunder Bird, and bowing down to painted stones. Some of these wayside shrines might still be seen within the memory of the older missionary children.

They buried their dead on scaffolds, which were placed, two or three in a group, on the top of every high hill.

They were camped according to bands, some right at the agency, and all within easy reach.

At night the war-whoop and the drum beat were the regular sounds, often mingled with weird strains of native music, the Indian flute, and war and love songs by young men riding around the camp.

They still depended partly upon the buffalo for subsistence, and once or twice a year, for two or three months, the camp would be deserted.

It so happened that all the Indians were at the agency at the time of Mr. Williamson's arrival, and the coming of the missionary was generally announced. Before long a council of the chiefs and head men was called to decide what stand they should take as to the white man's religion. The majority saw no reason why they should not favour it, but the medicine men were wise enough to know that it

meant the destruction of their craft, so they cried out against it and carried the day.

Padaniapapi, Struck by the Ree, or "Old Strike," as he was familiarly called, was against this decision, as was also Medicine Cow. White Swan, another chief, known to be progressive, was not present at the council.

Two committees were appointed, one to see the agent, the other to wait upon Mr. Williamson and notify him that he was to leave, as they did not want his religion or his school. Old Strike was appointed to see Mr. Williamson and Feather in the Ear, a strong heathen and leader of the opposition, was delegated to accompany him to see that Old Strike did his part.

Old Strike made his speech, informing Mr. Williamson of the decision of the council. Mr. Williamson listened respectfully, did not say much but did not promise to leave, or to close the school.

In the evening, Old Strike came back alone. He said, "I want to tell you that those were not my words, but that is what they told me to say. I made a speech in the council in favour of the church and school, but they were all against me."

The other committee waited upon the agent and asked him to enforce their decision by requiring the missionary to leave. The agent pointed to the waving Stars and Stripes and told them that religion was free, and the missionary could do as he pleased. They were disappointed that they did not get any backing from the representative of the Great Father

(the President), but they sent heralds around the camp to announce that no one would be allowed to attend upon the teachings of the new "holy man."

This opposition of the chiefs and head men naturally had its effect in diminishing the attendance at school and church services. Those who did go were ridiculed and picked at. Old Strike, however, sent his grandchildren to school and meetings even in the time of greatest unpopularity.

Mr. Williamson went right ahead with his plans for building. There was some delay in getting logs.

Building There were plenty of logs in the river bottom near by, but they were held to be common property,

and owing to the opposition he was not allowed to buy any. So he made a trip to Pease Island, thirty miles up the river and engaged logs for a mission house which were made into a raft and floated down the river. The logs were hewed and built into a large, double, story-and-a-half house. This house became Mr. Williamson's home for the rest of his life, forty-seven years. Two additions were later added, and the logs were boarded over, so that many people did not think of its being a log house.

The front room, twenty by twenty feet, was used the first two years for school and religious services. After the church was finished this room became the family sitting-room.

From the first there were inquisitive young men who would come around occasionally for a lesson. Mr. Williamson's knowledge of the language and

of Indian ways were a great help to him in getting acquainted, and gave him influence with the people from the start. They Overcoming Opposition came to believe in his integrity and good-will even when they were not touched by the religion he preached.

Gradually the opposition grew weaker. Feather in the Ear and others who opposed him so strongly at first became his friends.

The reconstruction of the Yanktons has been very different from that of the Santees. In the mighty upheaval of the Outbreak and its consequences, the Santees heard the call to right about face, and they Change in the Yanktons obeyed, as a nation born in a day.

With the Yanktons, it was a gradual enlightenment, as they saw the Christian life exemplified in a strong personality, like themselves and yet different. The sowing of the seed brought forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundredfold.

A year after Mr. Williamson located at Yankton Agency (Greenwood) the Episcopalians followed and started a Mission on the other side of the road. The two missions have laboured side by side ever since. Rev. J. W. Cook was their faithful and devoted missionary for thirty years, until compelled by failing health to give up the work. He was succeeded in 1900 by the Rev. J. E. Flockhart.

Mr. Williamson's school increased in attendance

until two teachers were required, and Miss Mary Pond, of missionary parentage, came to help with the teaching.

On March 18, 1871, just two years after Mr. Williamson located at Yankton Agency, the church was organized, being the first church Church Organized among the Yankton Indians. There were eighteen charter members, fourteen young men and four women. These young men had first learned of Christianity by attending the Mission day school. From among them were developed elders and Christian workers.

One of the early pupils of the school, who united with the church at an early day, was Henry Tawa

First Yankton Native Pastor Selwyn. He developed a life of fine Christian character and consecration and became the first native pastor of the church in 1879. He continued to serve it with acceptance until his death in 1912. Henry Selwyn was a natural story-teller, and his apt illustrations never failed to hold the attention of his audience. His face would light up when he was preaching, though he was a shy and diffident man at other times.

In contrast with the fine development of Henry Selwyn is the sad story of another pupil, John

Victim of Sun Dance Owanka, who was drawn back into heathenism through fear of ridicule.

Years after, Mr. Williamson wrote: "In the early school at Yankton Agency my most promising pupil was John Owanka, a lad of sixteen,

who soon learned to read the Dakota Bible. He was much interested and wanted to prepare for baptism.

"The time came for the annual sun dance. By taunts and threats the managers induced him to offer himself as one of two self-immolators to the sun. For three days and nights, without a bite of food or a drop of water, with cords run through the flesh of his back and pulled up tight to a pole above, he danced in his tracks until his weariness was so great he would throw his weight on the cords in his back, causing the blood to run down to the ground. When he completed his time he was so far gone he lay down and in a day or two died. But according to the sun priests, he was rewarded by having his name heralded as a hero in the spirit land.

"Thank God, the fearful sun dance is no more."

The year 1871 was a great year. It was the year of the organization of the church and was a time of marked growth in church and school. It was the year of the beginning of the church building, which was finished and occupied in 1873. During the summer of '71 Mr. Williamson also built the first Flandreau church. May, 1871, was the date of his founding the *Iapi Oaye*, the paper in the language of the Dakotas which has done so much to promote Christianity and civilization among them.

Many of the Yanktons, even when they professed to be ready to give up their old ways, had very crude

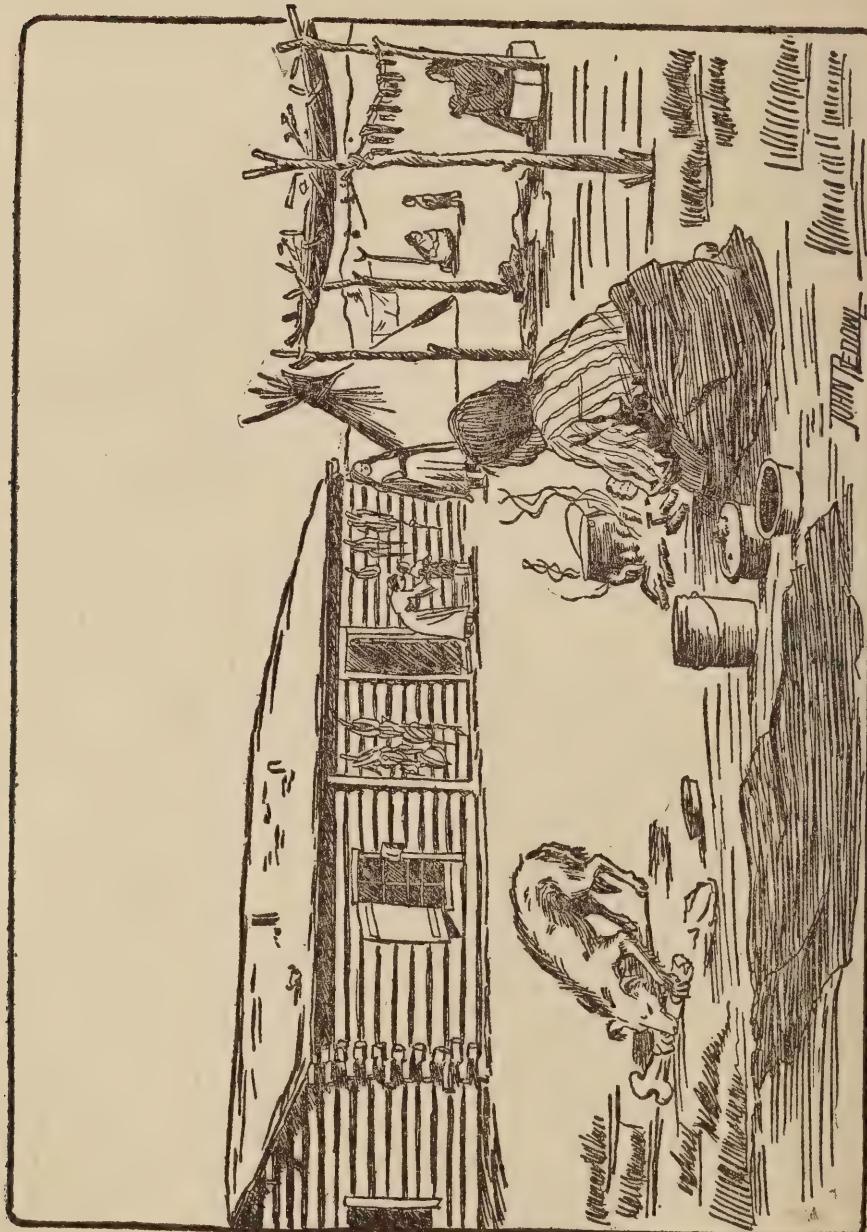
ideas about religion, and thought that they ought to be paid for attending church, if not in money, then in clothing or other material advantages. They wanted to see the rewards immediately or else they thought that they would be serving God for naught.

Mr. Williamson never encouraged them in the idea that they should be paid for attending church, but he gave freely of his time and personal service to all comers. For a number of years it seemed that he was letter writer for the whole Yankton tribe, and heathens who never darkened the church door would come to him to intercede for them to the Great Father (President).

Miss Miller gives this glimpse of him :

" All classes came to Mr. Williamson for advice and sympathy. They never went away disappointed. It was a familiar sight to see him seated at his desk in a corner of the sitting-room busily engaged in writing when one figure after another would quietly enter the door until the room would be lined with his friends. Perhaps the daily stage was nearly due and mail must first be disposed of. Then he was ready for the invariable hand-shake, and to listen, to counsel, to read letters from children who were in eastern schools, often to write replies to them.

" If a mother had beaded a nice pair of moccasins for her child away at school she delivered it into his hands to be wrapped and mailed. Trifling requests were never refused or forgotten. He had a most remarkable memory. He never overlooked the pres-



Getting Ready for School.



A Little Indian Visitor.

ence of a child and would always take the baby hand with a beneficent smile."

SCHOOL WORK

Mr. Williamson realized the great importance of school work and the value of early impressions, as is shown in this incident given by Miss Miller:

"Some years ago there rode up to the door of the Mission School at Greenwood a Dakota man and two little boys. He had brought the children to enter school. I showed him how crowded the room was and said I could not receive them. He left with a puzzled air, returning soon with Mr. Williamson who proceeded to interpret. Again he made the request that I take the boys and I explained how it was that I could not, all of which was duly interpreted without comment by Mr. Williamson. Then I said to him, 'You do not think it would be wise to enroll them, do you, Mr. Williamson?' His reply was something like this: 'I see that it would be hard to find seats for them. I know they are little now but they will be bigger by and by, and we cannot tell how much it might influence them to belong to our school.' Of course I was glad to take them when I found he favoured doing so, and it proved to be the means of bringing this heathen family into the church."

One gets the same thought from reading extracts from Mr. Williamson's letters written to Dr. A. L. Riggs about pupils that he was sending down to the Santee Normal Training School. In those days it

was almost an unheard-of thing for a Yankton pupil to go down to school at Santee in the fall and remain until the close of school in the spring. Mr. Williamson realized that they had not the steadfastness of purpose that brings continuance in well doing. Confinement was irksome and "the boy's will was the wind's will." But he believed in taking advantage of their fleeting impulses for good. He usually made a bargain with them that they were to stay three months or six weeks, or some certain set time.

December 29, '75, he wrote: "If the Yankton boys are going to stay, I will pay for a pair of shoes apiece for them."

February 19, '77: "As to the time for coming home, I set it for three months when they went down, so if they want to come home then, I will feel bound to let them. But I should like to have them stay longer."

The relations between the Santee and the Yankton boys were sometimes not the most friendly, as is hinted in this: January 3, '71: "Walter goes down to make the acquaintance of his Christian brethren down there. I hope they will receive him with Christian cordiality."

February 6, '72: "Two more boys are going down to your college. Allen is a member of the church and is naturally as steady as a wheel horse."

December 26, '76: "If Tahca doesn't become steady, give him a good talking to before you send him home."

In giving attention to the necessary details of school work and the means for carrying it on, Mr. Williamson never lost sight of its great purpose.

Great Purpose January 18, '71: "In teaching the young men I hope you will impart all the religious truth you can, and so impress them with a love for it that they will, many of them, become teachers of it."

Out-Station Schools After the Indians were scattered out over the reservation, Mr. Williamson established three out-station schools at points conveniently located and from ten to fifteen miles apart, one being east, one northeast and one northwest of the agency. These schools all developed into churches and are known as Hill Church, Heyata Church and Cedar Church.

Besides these schools, Mr. Williamson took as vacation work one summer the building of a schoolhouse in the upper river bottom, about five miles from the agency. He would drive to the woods in the morning and work all day, returning in the evening. Sometimes as a treat the missionary children were allowed to go with him and would have a great day playing under the trees and climbing over the huge cottonwood logs and all enjoying a picnic lunch at noon. Mr. Williamson wrote that fall: "A neat six hundred dollar schoolhouse has been built in the woods, ready for the days when the sweeping prairie storms drive rabbits and Indians to the brush."

The out-station schools were usually taught by native teachers, but Miss Dickson occupied the Schoolhouse in the Woods for a time, teaching in one room and living in the other. It was a social settlement in the midst of a heathen camp, and shone as a light in a dark place.

After the Indians had good houses built on their allotments they did not "take to the brush" as before, and this schoolhouse was moved to the agency and used for the day school which had been held in the church. It also became headquarters for the women's work. In this building each week the women meet to pray and to work. One, and sometimes two quilts are quilted nearly every week in the year. The women take turns bringing and serving a noon lunch. One room contains a long table, a cook-stove and a cupboard of dishes.

In the early Yankton Agency School, the pupils were mostly grown or nearly grown young men and

women, but later many children were sent, and Mr. Williamson found that

School Variations the young men could best be reached by a night school, and he conducted one for several years, doing most of the teaching himself. A singing school, in which he taught the young men to sing by note, was another of his activities. Every winter for a number of years he spent two weeks or more at Santee assisting Dr. Riggs in a theological institute. He wrote, December 29, '75:

"I approve of your program for theological class, except, perhaps, in one particular. Your time for

instruction is very short, both for us and for them. They are not accustomed to concentrated study and we, or at least I, will not be able to boil down much theology into half an hour."

Though Mr. Williamson had had much experience in teaching Indians, he was never disposed to im-

Advising
Associates pose his methods upon other teachers who became associated with him.

Miss Miller tells of his instructions to her when she began teaching at Yankton Agency :

"How well I remember his words when I went to him the first morning I was to teach in the Mission School. I asked if he had any special instructions to give me. 'Just do the best you can,' he said. These words have come to me many times since with great helpfulness. It was not from a lack of interest in the school that he did not multiply words, I had reason to know, then and afterwards.

"He was always very attentive to any of the daily happenings that a teacher is apt to mention when the family meet at the dinner table. When after a visit to the camp, I would relate my experiences, he was always ready to give the meaning of things which were then unintelligible to me. With his encouragement I learned to make use of opportunities to spread a knowledge of the Gospel, which otherwise would not have occurred to me, such as teaching a woman in her home to spell out the words in a Bible text to repeat at our next Women's Meeting.

"At one time for some weeks I regularly met a man and his wife and sister and they laboured away

learning to read the Dakota Bible. We gathered around the open fire of willows in their tent, seated on fur rugs, and were quite comfortable while the ground was covered with snow outside. The wife became quite efficient as an officer in our Women's Missionary Society."

ADVENTURES IN CITIZENSHIP

In the early spring of 1869, the same year in which Mr. Williamson went to Yankton Agency, twenty-five families of the Santees left the agency to take homesteads and become citizens. The location they selected was on the Big Sioux River, near the present town of Flandreau, S. D.

In these latter years the Secretary of the Interior has staged an impressive ceremony of plowing a

furrow and shooting the last arrow.
Citizenship
Then and Now Citizenship is being handed out to the lucky aspirants with a patent to their allotted land tied up with ribbon like a diploma and a long purse in which to carry the money they will obtain by selling their patrimony.

The aspiring citizens who went out from the Santee Reservation to locate in the valley of the Big Sioux did not wait to have their citizenship handed to them, but they went after it, and pursued it with the same ardour that they had been accustomed to give to the chase.

"What impulse stirred them up to break away from their own tribe to which they had but lately returned, and to try the hard work of making a

home among coldly disposed, if not hostile whites? They left behind them the food which the Government issued weekly at the agency and the yearly issue of clothing, to seek a precarious living by farming, for which they had neither tools nor teams. They went forth, moreover, in the face of great opposition and derision from the chiefs of the tribe. The United States Indian Agent was also against them. Whence did they have the strength of purpose to face all this opposition, to brave all the dangers?

"The germs of this movement are to be found in the resolves for a new life made by these men when in prison. They were all nominally, and the greater number of them really, converted to Christ. All of them, in some sense, experienced a conversion of thought and purpose. There they agreed to abolish all the old tribal arrangements and customs. Old things were to be done away, all things were to become new. And as they had been electing their church officers, so they would elect their necessary civil officers.

"But when they came to their people, they found the old Indian system in full power, backed by the authority of the United States. And our friends were commanded to fall in under the old chiefs before they could receive any rations. They must be Indians or starve! Nothing was left to them but to seek some other land.

"They made their hegira in March, 1869, taking advantage of the absence of the agent and chiefs

at Washington. Twenty-five families went in this company. A few had ponies but they mostly took their way on foot, packing their goods and children over the Dakota prairies. About midway a fearful snow-storm burst upon them. They lost their way and one woman froze to death.

"The next autumn fifteen other families joined them and twenty more followed the next year. Even one of the chiefs, finding the movement likely to succeed, left his chieftainship and its emoluments to join them. He thought it more to be a man than to be a chief" ("Mary and I").

The Indians built themselves log huts and one of the first things was to organize a church of one hundred members. Mr. Williamson helped them to build a church building in the summer of 1871.

They soon found that the paths of citizenship were not as rosy as in imagination they had painted

Difficultiesthem. They had started with practically nothing, and to wrest a living from the virgin prairies without horses

or farming implements is a task to try the mettle of the sturdiest pioneer. Untrained in habits of industry, only a few years removed from barbarism, what could the future hold for them but failure? They were plainly handicapped and outclassed in the struggle for existence in competition with their thrifty white neighbours.

If it had not been for hunting and trapping they would have starved to death the first few years. Muskrats were plenty, with an occasional otter or

mink, or even an elk. Sometimes a man would get forty or fifty dollars for a season's trapping.

When the time came for proving up on their homesteads, the white settlers contested their claims on the ground that Indians were not citizens. Through the efforts of Mr. Williamson, they were finally given titles to their land.

Mr. Williamson made a trip to Washington in 1872 and personally interviewed President Grant on the subject of helping these Indians to get a start. He put it to the President and Government officials in this way, that those Indians who were trying to help themselves ought to be helped as much as those who were making no effort.

After Mr. Williamson had succeeded in arousing some interest in the needs of the Flandreau Indians, he was urged to become a special agent for them and attend to their affairs. He told the Commissioner that he would not live there, but that he would make frequent trips and look after their interests. He advised that aid should be given in the form of horses, stock and farm implements.

Mr. Williamson was informed that his duties as special agent would not take much time, but he soon

Red Tape found that there was a great deal of red tape connected with it, especially in the administration of funds. Much correspondence and report making was necessary. He was not furnished with a stenographer to relieve him of the details of clerical work.

He received for his services \$500 a year. By

arrangement with the Board that amount was deducted from his salary as missionary, so his extra work was of no pecuniary advantage to him. But he felt that he was helping these Indians on the road to civilization, so was glad to do it.

During the five years in which he was special agent, he succeeded in getting a yoke of oxen for each family, a span of horses, a plow, and some farm machinery.

Two extracts from Mr. Williamson's annual reports are given, as showing his thoughts on the way to train Indians for citizenship.

From the Fourth Annual Report, '77: "For four years these Indians had no Government supervision. Since then I have been commissioned as special agent. It might appear that it would be better to have an agent devote his whole time to them, and doubtless some things would be better done; but on the other hand it might, and I think would, only put farther off their civilized independence, for which we are anxiously striving. It is my hope that an agent will not be needed for these Indians more than one or two years longer.

"These Indians all dress like citizens and can chop, plow, mow, drive oxen or do any other common work on a farm, and some of them can run a reaper or a threshing machine. Instead of the Government paying a farmer to show them how to plow or to raise wheat; instead of furnishing a blacksmith to mend their wagons, or a tinner to make coffee-pots for them to drink Government

coffee out of ; instead of laying down before them flour and pork, and coffee and tea, and sugar and rice and beans, and telling them to eat and be filled with that for which their brows have not sweat, it is much better to say to them, ‘Arise and take care of yourselves like men.’

“We have used every effort to prepare the Indians for this step. Those things which they can supply themselves with have gradually been cut off, and such things purchased as will enable them to earn something more.”

During these years came the Grasshopper Time, in which these Indians, as well as their white neighbours, lost all their crops, not only once, but twice, and in some instances three successive times, but they struggled on, and in his Fifth Annual Report, '78, Mr. Williamson wrote :

“The Flandreau Indians are citizens and without doubt are the most advanced in civilization of any of the Sioux nation.

“That independence without which civilization is naught can never be attained by the Indian until he is cast out of his reservation nest and told to spread his wings and fly like an eagle, or fall and die.

“Recommendation : Let the Government be careful not to infringe upon the natural right of every man to provide for himself and his family. This is what the young American starting out in life calls ‘taking care of himself.’ Every man needs this incentive to industry, but especially the Indian.

“Many wonder why the Flandreau Indians ever

left the agency with free rations and gray suits. If one could see into their hearts, he would find that it was the same longing to 'be one's own,' or for freedom, as we say, which led the Puritans to Plymouth Rock.

"And now, let them have it, even to the verge of starvation, and may it make of them as sterling a race as the descendants of the Puritans! What belongs to these Indians as their due, give them as endowments for educational institutions or as outfits for farming, but not as food or clothing."

MISSION MEETING AND NATIVE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

There is a record of an annual camp-meeting at Dry Wood Lake, near the present Good Will Church, in the summer of 1868, when seventy Indian men and women stood up on the open prairie to profess their allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ, and were baptized with fifty of their children.

In 1871, this annual camp-meeting assumed its present form as a Conference of the Dakota Churches, or the Mission Meeting, as it is often called. This gathering was held with the church of the Homesteaders' Colony at Flandreau, June 23d to 27th. This was before their church building was erected, so the meetings were held out-of-doors or under a booth in front of Mr. All Iron's cabin. There were at that time eight churches connected with the Dakota Mission.

In June, 1873, the Mission Meeting was held at

Yankton Agency, the new church just finished, being the place of assembly. Dr. S. J. Humphrey, Secretary of the American Board, was one of the visitors. From his description of what he saw and heard we make a brief extract :

" On Thursday afternoon the hospitable doors of Rev. J. P. Williamson's spacious log house opened just in time to give us shelter from a fierce storm of wind and rain. The next morning the Santees, fifty of them, from Pilgrim Church, some on foot, some on pony-back, and a few in wagons, straggled in, and pitched their camp on the open space near the Mission house.

" About noon the Sissetons appeared, a dilapidated crowd of more than forty, weary and footsore with their three hundred miles' tramp through ten tedious days. An hour afterwards, from two hundred miles in the opposite direction, the Fort Sully delegation appeared.

" For Father Riggs and the younger son, famous as a hard rider, this journey was no great affair. But the tenderly reared young wife,—how she could endure the five days of wagon and tent life is among the mysteries.

" That this was no crowd of Indian revellers, come to attend a sun dance, as it might have been of yore, was soon manifest. The first morning after their arrival a strange, chanting voice, like that of a herald, mingled with our daybreak dreams. Had we been among the Mussulmans, we should have thought it the muezzin's cry. Of course it was all

Indian to us, but we learned afterwards that it was indeed a call to prayer, with this English rendering:

“‘Morning is coming! Morning is coming!
Wake up! Wake up!
Come to sing! Come to pray!’

“In a few minutes, for it does not take an Indian long to dress, the low cadence of many voices joining in one of our own familiar tunes rose sweetly on the air, telling us that the day of their glad solemnities had begun.”

During all these years, the morning call of the herald has been a feature of Mission Meeting, and it is now almost the only occasion in which he figures. The people pitch their tents in a large circle, the delegation from each agency being assigned a location. After the crier makes his early morning trip around the circle, the people come out of their tents and stand in groups, the Santees in one group, the Yanktons in another, the Tetons and Sissetons each in a separate group, for morning prayers. Each group have their own service and sing their own hymn. Often the strains of six or eight different songs will mingle in the morning air.

When the time for the opening session comes, the large tent fills up quickly. Topics for discussion are suggested, for the most part, by the native preachers and workers, and are published in the *Iapi Oaye* a month before the meeting, with the name of a leader for each topic. After a five minutes' talk by



Mr. and Mrs. Williamson During the Busy Years at Yankton Agency.

the leader, the subject is open for general discussion, and there is never a lack of volunteers.

Some of the topics that have been discussed are: "To what extent should our Indian Churches give to the Support of their Pastors?" "What Indian Customs may well be retained, and what may not?" "The Advantages and Drawbacks of Visiting." "How can Indians be made Free Citizens and yet be able to withstand Strong Drink?" "What should Returned Students do for their People?" "Is the Mescal Bean-eating Society religious?"

Mr. Williamson was naturally a leading spirit in these discussions. It was ever his aim to put the Indians forward, to make them feel that this was their meeting, but he was always ready with a few happy, well chosen words, to bring back to the point a discussion that was wandering, and to emphasize the vital and important truths.

One session of Mission Meeting that no one is willing to miss is when invitations are received and voted upon for the place of meeting the coming year. The delegates who have been instructed by their churches to extend invitations are ready with flow of oratory to enumerate the advantages of their location in the way of wood and water and grass for the horses. Considerable good-natured rivalry is shown as the contest narrows down to two churches, and the vote is taken.

One wonders sometimes at their eagerness, when one considers what it means to the entertaining church in the way of effort and expense. Food, in-

cluding flour and beef, is furnished, not only to the delegates, but to all comers. From ten to twenty beeves are often donated for the meat supply, and the choicest products of farm and garden are saved up to be given on this occasion. The collecting and distributing of food for a thousand to fifteen hundred people is a task requiring no small executive ability, but the missionaries have always left it to the church people without giving it their personal supervision.

At the time of the Mission Meeting at Yankton Agency in 1906, Peter St. Pierre, as chairman of the Entertainment Committee, showed himself a general in the way he cared for the comfort of the visitors. His lieutenants carried not only food, but water from the Missouri, over a mile away, to every tent in the large circle.

Of recent years, many of the delegates go by train, and transportation to and from the railroad station, usually twenty to thirty miles distant, is always furnished by the entertaining church.

The best way to reach the railroad point nearest the out-stations, where most of the meetings have been held of late years, is a matter not to be determined at a glance, and for a number of years Mr. Williamson spent considerable time every summer studying up routes, writing to the railway officials about special rates and arranging for chartered cars for Mission Meeting time.

Since so many go by train, they need to be exhorted sometimes to remember to bring a tent.

blanket and frying pan, and not to depend on their neighbours.

The missionaries, as well as the Indians, take their tents and camp out, all taking their meals together. The hearty fellowship and interchange of thought and experience give encouragement and stimulus for the coming year.

The great interest of Mission Meeting centers about the work of the Native Missionary Society, called Wotanin Washte. When the time comes for its missionaries to make their reports, the big tent is always crowded with eager listeners. Indeed it is a thrilling and fascinating story they have to tell. Among the wild western Sioux, the Assiniboines in Montana, and as far west as the Little Rockies, where the name of Christ was unknown, they have gone with the Gospel message, and the result in nearly every case has been the establishing of a Christian Church.

Mr. Williamson wrote in 1886 as follows: "The crowning glory of the Dakota Mission

Native Missionary Society

is the Native Missionary Society.

"The first impulse of the Apostle Andrew on finding Jesus was to go and seek his brother. We see the same impulse among the Dakota Christians, and sometimes the brother turns out to be the Peter of the family. Ten years ago our Indians asked to have their own missionary society, so that they could hunt their heathen brother directly. It was too long a way to hunt him around by New York.

"The Native Missionary Society was organized in 1876. From the first it enlisted the strongest sympathy of all the Dakota churches. It is the principal object of attraction at the great annual meetings. The contributions have increased from \$200 to over \$1,100 a year. This is more than a dollar a member. This is not given by a few rich persons, for hardly an Indian can be said to be in even comfortable circumstances. It is the accumulation of the little contributions of all. The church contributions have furnished a little less than half the amount. The Women's Societies about the same. The rest comes from different sources, principally from the Young Men's Associations.

"The women's work is the most remarkable. After raising about half the total sum in their own societies, principally by their needles, they come to the church contributions prepared to give more than the men. They preach by their works louder than some of the men do by their words. At one of the meetings in connection with the Annual Conference one of the young men made this remark: 'Last year we said, "The women are weak, we can easily go ahead of them," but this year we see that they are away over the hill and out of sight, so far ahead that we cannot even see the dust that they raise.'

"The income of this society is small, but the running expenses are almost nothing and their missionaries are inexpensive. So that the last two years they have been able to keep two missionaries with their wives in the field."

Since the above was written, the amount contributed by the churches has increased to over \$3,000 per annum, and there have been as many as seven missionaries in the field at one time. The Women's Society of the Yankton Agency Church has for several years given \$300 to the Native Missionary Society, besides helping with the expenses of their own church.

Mr. Williamson was the first treasurer of the Society, and continued in that office until the last two years of his life, when he turned it over to his son, Jesse P. Williamson. The greater part of the money is brought in at the time of the annual meeting. The treasurers of the churches, the Women's Societies and the Young Men's Associations come bringing the offerings of their respective organizations, and have hardly felt safe until they have placed the money in Mr. Williamson's own hands. The counting of this money and giving receipts for it is one of the extras of Mission Meeting.

The Layman's Missionary Movement and Gospel Team Work are still counted as a *Work of Laymen* comparatively recent development in our American churches. But in 1875 this minute was made in the records of Dakota Presbytery :

"The best mode of evangelization of the masses was considered, and to this end the elders of the churches were exhorted to have Sabbath appointments in destitute neighbourhoods and to take with them one or more of the brethren who were not officers."

Again, in the narrative of Presbytery of April, 1891, we read: "The forty-four elders in our Presbytery are the working power of the laity of our churches, not only ruling, but teaching the people."

For many years Mr. Williamson conducted a training class for the elders of the Yankton Agency Church. The native ministry has always been recruited from the ranks of the elders. The work of the Native Missionary Society has been, from the first, the work of the laymen. One reason for this is that there have been hardly as many ordained ministers as have been needed to supply the regular churches. One elder of the Flandreau Church, Joseph Blacksmith, laid down his life in this cause, being called while at his post at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, March, 1886. He was widely known for his work in advancing Christ's Kingdom among the Dakotas.

RELATIONS WITH THE GOVERNMENT

Mr. Williamson's services as interpreter were much sought by the Government as well as by the Indians. The Indians, on their part, thought that if John were interpreter, there could be no deception, while the Government seemed to feel that their commissions for treating with the Indians had greater assurance of success if Mr. Williamson was a member of the commission or served as interpreter.
As Interpreter

Mr. Williamson acted as interpreter for the commission which secured the right of way for the

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway through the Indian country. In the *Word Carrier* of May, 1880, Dr. Riggs makes this mention: "J. M. Haworth, Indian Inspector, has just made, April 16th, an agreement with the Lower Brule Sioux, by which they will let the C. M. and St. Paul Ry. run through their country to the Black Hills. He will make the same agreement with the Spotted Tail and Red Cloud Indians and then with the other bands. He is fortunate in having the help of John P. Williamson as special interpreter."

As time went on and the missionary work expanded, Mr. Williamson felt that the most important work for him was the oversight of the churches that were being formed, and he refused all requests for his services as interpreter on commissions. In 1888 he was much urged to interpret for the commission appointed to treat with the western Sioux for the relinquishment of the Great Sioux Reserve west of the Missouri River. He felt that he could not give the time to it and recommended Rev. W. J. Cleveland, an Episcopal missionary who had a good command of the language. Mr. Cleveland was appointed.

Mr. Williamson's work as special agent for the Flandreau Indians and occasional trips to Washington brought him into touch with many of the Government officials. He was frequently consulted by the Commissioner and others as to policies and legislation pertaining to Indian affairs. While he did not seek favours for himself or his friends, he did not

hesitate to use his influence with the authorities at Washington. One of these occasions was in connection with the order of the Department as to teaching in the vernacular.

During the first administration of Grover Cleveland a remarkable ruling was made
No Vernacular by the Indian Bureau. This order was sent out December 14, 1886:

"In all schools conducted by missionary organizations it is required that all instruction shall be given in the English language. Instruction in the Dakota language will not be permitted." "Nor will daily religious services in Dakota be allowed," was an authoritative interpretation of the Vernacular Orders given by United States Indian Inspector Bannister upon closing the Mission schools of the Cheyenne River, October 26, 1887. The Mission School at Poplar, Montana, was also closed.

The missionaries were all much exercised over the "No Vernacular Rule," which struck at the foundation of their work. The interference seemed unwarrantable in these schools for the support of which the Government paid nothing. Dr. A. L. Riggs and his brother Rev. T. L. Riggs were active with voice and pen against the order.

In an editorial in the *Word Carrier* of October, 1887, Dr. Riggs wrote under the caption, "Breeches and English":

**Breeches
and English**

"Time was when it was considered the whole of civilization to get an Indian to wear breeches. By large gifts the Government civilized

hundreds into breeches. Government couldn't wait for the slow change of character and the growth of ideas. It bagged its game in breeches and glowed with satisfaction until the next morning's sun showed their civilized-by-breeches Indians on the war-path dressed in their ancestral breech clouts.

"Now there is a new patent method in vogue in Washington. It is the 'all English' method, don't you know.

"It is just like the old 'breeches method,' adopting an incidental result, valuable though it be, in place of spiritual regeneration and character building. English will come, but not in this way.

"The logical result of this ultimatum would be, 'No more Indian Schools! No more Indian Bibles! No more Missions!' The Government breeches and Government English can't supply the need of righteousness and the Gospel."

Mr. Williamson made a trip to Washington, though in poor health at the time, and personally laid the case of the missionaries before President Cleveland. The President had had nothing to do with the order, and was himself favourable to Christian missions for Indians. When the evil effects of this ruling were brought to his notice, he promised to give the matter his personal attention, which he did. Although not publicly rescinding the order, the Indian Bureau dropped the matter. No more threats were made to close the schools and the Mission Schools that had been closed were opened again.

There is a story of an inspector or special agent who tried to banish Mr. Williamson from the reservation, which shows that, even in recent times, missionaries have sometimes been misunderstood.

An Important Inspector

During the summer of 1888 the Government set surveyors to work on the Yankton Reservation in preparation for the allotting of the land in severalty to the Indians. The majority were probably in favour of this allotment, but there was a non-progressive set who clung to the old Indian idea of land and possessions in common. So opposed were they to this move that they forcibly interfered with the surveying party and sent them back to the agency.

Washtena, the leader of the party interfering with the surveyors, was arrested by the Indian police and placed in the lock-up. He soon broke jail and escaped. His friends hid him and refused to give him up to the police when they went out after him a second time.

The agent became convinced that Washtena was a desperate character and that his friends had hostile intentions. He telegraphed to Washington that the situation was critical, and asked for the protection of the military from Fort Randall. Four companies were sent down and camped at the agency. A squad of soldiers was sent out and succeeded in bringing in Washtena, the leader of the non-progressives and the jail breaker.

About this time the inspector appeared upon the

scene, much impressed with the authority conferred upon him. The agency was placed under martial law. Something was expected to happen.

The inspector, on looking around, saw at different times quite a procession of Indians wending their way to the missionary's house. Upon inquiry he learned that some of them belonged to the supposedly hostile party. A bright idea struck him. It must be the missionary who was inciting the Indians to conspire against the Government. That heathen and Christian Indians alike were in the habit of going to Mr. Williamson for advice and assistance did not occur to the inspector, and that the missionary was in reality giving them the wisest counsel, telling them that land in severalty was a necessary step towards civilization and showing them the uselessness of opposition, he would have thought incredible.

"I will show these missionaries where they get off at," he is reported to have said. After serving notice on Mr. Williamson to leave, he sent to Washington for special authority to eject from the reservation this "ringleader of the trouble." The answer soon came back in words to this effect: "Rev. Williamson is too well and favourably known by the Indian Department to countenance the idea that he is inciting the Indians to oppose the Government in this matter."

So the threatened expulsion did not take place. The recalcitrant Indians soon gave up the idea of trying to stop the surveying of their land, the in-

spector left, the soldiers returned to the fort, and peace and quiet once more reigned.

The Government
School Fence

David Simmons of Greenwood gives an instance when Mr. Williamson used his influence to avert trouble for the Government :

"In 1883 I was working in the Government office as assistant issue clerk. The agent, Major Ridpath, received orders to build a fence around the Government School. When the Indians found it out, they were opposed to it. Their main objection was that they didn't want the roads closed, or that was their excuse anyway. But the Major had received his orders and it had to be done, so the posts were all set. Before the barbed wire was on, a party of fifteen or twenty Indians appeared and demanded that the fence be taken down. The agent told them that he couldn't do that, because the Department had ordered that fence around the school.

"After talking with the agent, they saw that they couldn't do anything with him, so they took the matter into their own hands. They went up to the school and some of them commenced pulling up the posts while others drove the children from the school. After the excitement was all over and everything quiet, they found just one boy left in the building and that was Willie Bronson.

"The police force could not keep order. They didn't dare go near. The Indians were all armed and outnumbered them. Again and again the

agent ordered the police to stop the mad Indians, but they couldn't do anything. The Indians wouldn't listen to anybody. The agent tried to get one and another of the leading men of the agency to go out and reason with the Indians and try to pacify them but no one was willing to risk it.

"Then the agent came into the office and stood there a while where I was working. After a little while he said, 'I am going up to see Rev. Williamson, to see what I can do with him, to see if I can get him to go and talk with them. Maybe he can quiet them.'

"So he started. I came out of the office then to see if Mr. Williamson would make any move towards the agent's request. Sure enough, he came out of his house with Agent Ridpath and started towards the school, and the agent came back to the office.

"I stood outside of the office watching Mr. Williamson. When he was about half-way up to the school, a man on horseback rode up to him and stood with him for some little time. Then they went on together to where the mad Indians were.

"Afterwards I learned that the man on horseback came to tell Mr. Williamson not to go where he was heading for, because it was too dangerous, but Mr. Williamson insisted on going, so he went with him.

"Mr. Williamson was up there with the mad people for an hour or so, then they broke up. All this time he was talking with them. Finally they promised him that they would not make any more trouble and

they kept their word. Mr. Williamson saved a lot of trouble that day."

THE LAST OF THE CHIEFS

Mr. Williamson had a personal acquaintance with most of the Sioux chiefs of newspaper fame during the last generation.

Little Crow, usually counted the leader in the Minnesota Massacre, Mr. Williamson played with Little Crow as a boy at Kaposia, and when he entered upon his missionary work at Redwood in 1860, the wily chief was one of his first callers.

The older chiefs always tried to make the chieftainship hereditary, but the heir to the position, unless able to show his personal prowess, soon found that the hereditaments did not amount to much.

Mr. Williamson told this story of how Little Crow obtained his chieftainship :

Little Crow was not at home when his father, the old chief Little Crow, died. A council was held to choose his successor. There was a division. One party favoured Little Crow, but the majority favoured the older of two younger sons by another wife. They argued that Little Crow was really no longer a member of the tribe. He had gone off and married into another tribe and for several years had lived up river. So the Little Crow party was beaten and the next son was chosen and his name sent in to the agent as chief. Word of what had happened

went up the river to Lacquiparle. Little Crow was off on a hunt, but his Koda went out after him and told him that his brother had been made chief. Little Crow said, "Well, that is all right. He will not be chief long." With his Koda he made his way back to the village of the Kaposians.

Little Crow's arrival caused great excitement in the camp. He sent word to his brother to vacate. His brother replied that he was the chief. For a week Little Crow lay in wait among his friends. His two brothers were of course on the alert. All carried loaded guns at that time. One day Little Crow saw his brothers start down towards the river. He said to his Koda, "The time has come," and together they followed the brothers and waited for them until they started to return. It was quite after the manner of the French duel. The preliminaries were arranged with no word spoken on either side. All fired, the principal and seconds on each side aiming at the principal on the other side. Little Crow's brother was killed and he himself was badly wounded. Immediately upon firing Little Crow had folded his arms and gun across his chest to protect himself. The full charge of slugs from the brothers' guns struck him in the hands and arms, breaking nearly every bone.

He was carried to one of the tents and was bandaged up as well as the Indians could do it. Little Crow said, "I am not going to die." But the Indians thought there was no hope. They sent for the post surgeon at Fort Snelling. He came and

looked at him and told them he would have to have both arms amputated or die.

When this was interpreted to Little Crow he absolutely refused to have it done. When the surgeon persisted, Little Crow in a rage told him to get out, which he did in disgust.

Little Crow was then cared for after the Indian method of treating wounds and recovered. His arms were much crippled and misshapen but he could still handle a gun. He seemed proud of his disfigurement, and whenever he made a speech, gesticulated much with his maimed hands.

The summer after the Outbreak, Little Crow left his family near Devil's Lake where they had fled, and with a small party including his two sons made

Death of
Little Crow

his way down to the Minnesota settlements. He was hunting horses, which he much needed to transport his family to Canada. When they reached the settlements he divided the party, keeping with himself only the younger son, a boy of thirteen. According to the lad's story, they came in sight of a house, and lying flat in the grass, dragged themselves around it looking for tracks that might indicate whether any one had been there recently or whether there were horses. As they saw no signs of anything and were very hungry they went nearer the house where they found some black raspberry bushes full of fruit and began to eat them. While so engaged a shot was fired, severely wounding Little Crow. They dropped down and rolled under

the bushes with their guns. Little Crow returned the fire, the boy reloading the guns, and shots were fired back and forth for some time. When the ammunition was all gone but one load and Little Crow was growing very weak, he said, "Son, I am going to die. You keep that load until you need it very bad, and try to get back to your mother at Devil's Lake." He soon breathed his last and the boy was left alone with the body of his dead father.

The boy remained hid in the bushes as long as daylight lasted, then folding his dead father's hands over his breast and placing his gun carefully beside him, he crept out of the bushes and started north for Devil's Lake, several hundred miles away.

At this time General Sibley was near the Missouri River hunting the hostiles and especially Little Crow. He heard that they had gone to Devil's Lake and sent a company of the Indian scouts to that region to see if they could find them. When nearing the lake, one of these scouts, Daniel Renville, noticed the grass waving in a swale. He thought at first that it was some animal and was on the point of firing at it. He rode towards the place and found it was a boy almost naked and starved, crawling on his hands and knees. He told him to get up but he was unable to stand.

This was Little Crow's boy, who had made his way back to the camp where his folks had been, and found that everybody had gone. In all the time since he left the raspberry bushes in Minnesota he had not seen a soul, though always fearing that

some white men would find him and catch him. He had done most of his travelling at night. In the daytime he would creep along in the high grass as he had been doing when the scout found him. He had lived on roots and berries.

One day a wolf came close to him. He had the one load in his gun and shot it, eating of it raw. When found, he still clasped tightly under his arm some old gnawed wolf ribs.

Mr. Renville cared for the boy and when he had opportunity took him to Mr. Williamson to be educated.

On account of the prejudice attaching to the name of Little Crow, he was given another name and was called Thomas Wakeman. He never fully recovered from the effects of his hard experience and was not strong physically, but he became a man of fine Christian character and was the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association among the Dakotas. One of his sons, Rev. John Wakeman, is one of the most promising of the younger native ministers, and is pastor of the Yellow Medicine Church near Granite Falls, Minnesota. This is the church that is near the site of the old Yellow Medicine Church that was burned at the time of the Outbreak. Another son, Jesse Wakeman, is Y. M. C. A. secretary among the Sioux Indians.

WESTERN CHIEFS

Mr. Williamson's acquaintance with Red Cloud began in the summer of 1867, when as interpreter,

he accompanied a commission appointed to treat with the Chief of the Oglalas at Fort Red Cloud Laramie, and bring him to terms of peace. Generals Sherman, Harney, Terry and Anger were on this commission. Red Cloud declined to meet them and sent sub-chief Man Afraid of his Horses in his place to tell the commissioners that when the military were withdrawn from Forts Phil Kearney, C. F. Smith and Reno, that the war would cease on his part.

On visiting Standing Rock Agency in 1880, Mr. Williamson wrote :

“ Long Soldier’s scowl is not half as terrific as it was on our first visit, eleven years ago, when, upon refusing him any present, he howled down upon us from his overowering height (six feet, six inches, estimated), ‘ What have these greater beggars than I am come here to seek?’ ”

Long Soldier was not a very famous chief, but the sentiment he expressed was characteristic of the attitude of many chiefs towards advancing civilization.

In August, 1881, Mr. Williamson went to Washington with a party of twelve chiefs from the Pine Ridge and Standing Rock Agencies, the trip being made for the purpose of rectifying a mistake made by the Government in a treaty. Red Cloud and Young Man Afraid of his Horses were of the party.

We quote from the articles of agreement, where we see the Sioux chiefs in a pleasing light :

"Whereas, by a mistake made in a treaty between the United States and the Sioux Indians, April 29, 1868, injustice was done to the Ponca Indians by taking away from them and giving to the Sioux, lands which belonged to the Poncas :

"The Sioux Indians in council assembled in the City of Washington, August 20, 1881, are desirous of correcting that mistake, in order to do justice to the Poncas."

In an article written for the October *Word Carrier*, Mr. Williamson gave this comment :

"For the home provided for in the above agreement, Standing Bear and the Poncas are indebted to the generosity of the Sioux, who voluntarily surrendered their claim to the old Ponca reservation. When White Thunder, speaking for his people, made the offer to give this land back to the Poncas, Secretary Kirkwood asked if the Sioux would expect the Government to pay them (the Sioux) for it. He replied, 'No, my friend, the Sioux do not ask pay for what they give to their red brethren.' "

When Sitting Bull, famous for his connection with the Sioux War of the '70's and the annihilation of

Sitting Bull Custer's army at the battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876, surrendered at Fort Buford in 1881, he was brought with a small following down to Fort Randall, fifteen miles from Yankton Agency, and kept

there as a prisoner of war. He made occasional visits to the agency to see his friend John, always guarded by two soldiers. The Williamson children were far more interested in the blue-coated soldier standing guard at the gate with his gun than they were in the famous chief talking with their father within.

In 1883 Mr. Williamson made a public appeal for the release of Sitting Bull. The appeal reads as follows:

"What has become of Sitting Bull? A few years ago the papers were full of the Sioux General, Commander in Chief of the Hostiles, the Victorious Warrior. At one time he was a banished Hawaiian, at another a renegade European, and again a learned pupil of Father DeSmet. For years he was a conspicuous object in the terrestrial heavens. But his star has fallen.

"Yes, where is Sitting Bull? Retired, perhaps, like the other great generals to some quiet suburb to prepare a History of the Great Sioux War. Or, perhaps, some worthy successor of Father DeSmet has persuaded him to 'beat his sword into a plow-share,' and in some sheltered mountain vale he is busy cultivating the corn and the wheat. Who knows, forsooth, but that he may be turning up the Custer battle-field he enriched with human gore?

"No, indeed! Sitting Bull is allowed no such privileges. Two years ago he surrendered at Fort Buford. It was found he was not a Sandwich Islander, he was not a Polander, he was not a Con-

federate general, he was not an Egyptian Pasha, he was not even an African chief. He was only an Indian. Suddenly he fell. He was not worth noticing. A trial would be honouring him too much. For two years he has been languishing with one hundred of his people at a little military post in South Dakota,—a prisoner of war when there is no war.

“A year ago we sought justice for him by private solicitation, but gained nothing. We now publicly call the attention of Government to his case. Treat him like a man. Give him a trial or set him free.”

Later Mr. Williamson wrote: “Sitting Bull and his company are released. They were shipped at Fort Randall, April 28th, on the good steamer *Behan* for Standing Rock Agency. Under the square treatment they will receive from Major McLaughlin, we have no fear of their becoming unruly or deserting to the British Possessions.

“Let the good agent meet them at the landing with a grub hoe and a handful of seed corn. And let the American Missionary Association, which is starting work among the Hunkpapas have the open Bible ready to bear on them before they set their teepees. ‘Strike while the iron is hot.’ The heart of this people has just been taken out of a furnace. Now is the time to make an impress that will abide.

“Sitting Bull has turned over a new leaf. We hope he will continue his autobiography, and suggest that he commence a new volume with a frontispiece representing Sitting Bull plowing the virgin sod with his stubby horns.”

Old Strike, or Struck by the Ree, was not always old. Doane Robinson in his "History of the Sioux Indians" gives this account of his birth:

"Lewis and Clarke arrived at the mouth of the James River in August, 1804. They sent an invitation to the Indians camped there to visit them at Green Island across the river from the present city of Yankton. There on the 28th and 29th a grand council was held and the Yanktons acknowledged the sovereignty of the United States. The captains in turn recognized the chiefs of the tribe and fitted them out with gaudy officers' uniforms with cocked hats and red feathers.

"During the night a child was born to a Yankton woman. Captain Lewis asked that it might be brought to him, saying he proposed to make an American of the child, and he wrapped it in the Stars and Stripes. That child was Strike the Ree, and all his life he boasted of his Americanism. To that fact more than any other was due his position of loyalty to the whites in the perilous times of '62."

At the beginning of the Minnesota Outbreak, runners were sent post haste to the Yanktons to persuade them to join in killing the whites. It was to be their part to clean up the settlements in the eastern part of Dakota Territory, Yankton, Vermillion, Bonhomme and the scattered settlers along the Big Sioux and James Rivers.

"The harvest of 1862 was unusually bountiful and the settlers were busily engaged in gathering it

when the story of the massacre of the white settlers in Minnesota reached Yankton, and threw the entire population into a state of terror. In fact, the situation was truly desperate. The little handful of settlers between the hostiles of Minnesota and the wild tribes of the Missouri River had every reason to expect annihilation" (Robinson's "History of South Dakota").

This time of terror for the white settlers was a time of intense excitement with the Yankton Indians. Though all did not realize it, the day had come on which their destiny hung in the balance. Should they join with their red brothers in Minnesota and once and for all drive the whites out of their ancestral hunting grounds, or should they remain loyal to the treaty made with the United States?

Every natural consideration, all the instincts of their wild nature, all their old-time traditions tended to draw them into the war-path. The ancient League signified by the very name "Dakota" was a powerful bond influencing them to make common cause with their fellow Sioux of Minnesota. They too had fretted under the increasing encroachments of the whites. Being remote from the large settlements, they were not deterred by any idea of the hopelessness of the cause.

Fortunately for all concerned, Old Strike, head chief of the Yanktons, and lifelong friend of the whites, was then in the zenith of his power.

"A council of the Yanktons was called to meet with the runners from Minnesota and excitement ran

high. Little did the white people of southeastern Dakota know or ever learn of the great fight Old Strike made for them that night in the council. The warriors and the younger chiefs were hot for the war-path, but Old Strike stood firm as a stone wall for peace. Every argument, every trick of the orator was used and no finer orator than he could be found in the Sioux nation. The full force of his influence as head chief was brought to bear upon them, and almost single handed as he was, he won out. The messengers were sent home with the answer that the Yanktons would not join the Santees in a massacre of the whites" (J. B. W.).

Old Strike took a liking to Mr. Williamson from the day when he went to him as spokesman for the council which had declared against the missionary. When he came back and told Mr. Williamson that those were not his words, but the decision of the council, he declared his friendship, and to that friendship pact he was ever true.

There never was an important council held with the agent, or any special agent or commission, that Old Strike did not insist on having his friend John interpret his words to the agent or commission.

Old Strike as a child was baptized by an itinerant Catholic priest, but he knew little of the Catholic religion, and saw in it nothing to interfere with his regular attendance at "John's Church." His heavy cane would be heard thumping along the passage-way. One of the elders would rise and place a large

armchair by the door facing the audience, and there he would sit in dignity and reverence.

He was quite bald in his old age, something unusual for an Indian, and always wore a red bandanna handkerchief tied tightly around his head, and over this on state occasions a head-dress of feathers and fur. One thing which impressed the missionary children greatly was his long, claw-like finger nails. The uncut finger nails were the mark of a gentleman among the early Indians, a badge of aristocracy, which showed that they performed no manual labour.

Doane Robinson says of Old Strike: "He was an extraordinary man, possessing honesty and excellent judgment, and he adhered to the provisions of the Treaty of '58 with a fidelity which amounted to religious zeal."

His life closed January 29, 1888. In accordance with his request before he died, Mr. Williamson conducted his funeral service, preaching from the text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

His body lies in the Presbyterian cemetery at Yankton Agency.

The days of the chiefs are past. "None now so poor to do them reverence." With the allotting of Indian lands in severalty, their death knell was rung, for from that time the Government dealt with the Indians as individuals, not as tribes and bands.

The chiefs were the bright particular flower of the

tribal system. Their ambition and daring gave them their place, and until recognized by the Government, it was only by virtue of their superiority that they held it. Without a form of government or trappings of state, they assumed to have authority. Their very arrogance compels admiration. But there was no place for them in the new order of things. So with the tomahawk and the scalping knife they are passing into oblivion.

VII

LATER YEARS AT YANKTON AGENCY

"That which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."—*Paul.*

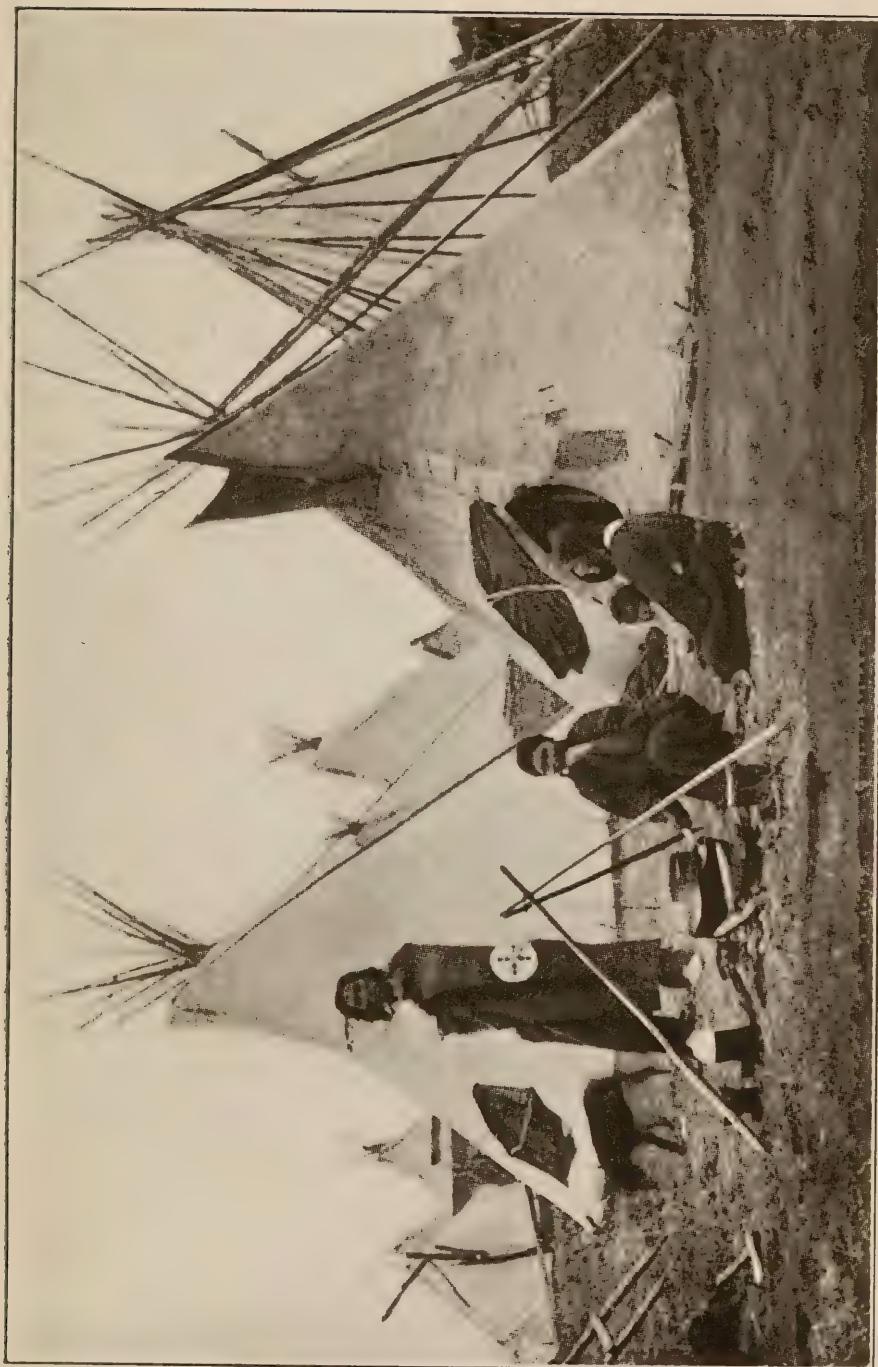
IN 1870 Mr. Williamson wrote: "We shall be satisfied only when the Dakota nation becomes a Christian and a civilized people."

Animated by this sentiment, it was natural that he should be reaching out towards the wild western Sioux.

In 1874 he made a trip to Montana and was much impressed by the needs of the Indians at Fort Peck

Agency, now Poplar. There were **Work in Montana** over 9,000 Indians accredited to this agency, Assiniboines, Yanktonais and Tetons, who had yet to "plant their first field and chop logs for their first cabin." They were all ignorant of Christianity and the way of salvation. At his recommendation and that of his father, the Foreign Board appropriated a small amount for work in this field, and two native missionaries were sent there for the winter. In 1880 a permanent mission was established in charge of Rev. G. W. Wood, with two ladies, Miss Dickson and Miss McCreight, as pioneer teachers.

Mr. Williamson accompanied Mr. Wood to the



Camp at Poplar, Montana.

field and helped him to get started, and from that time a trip to Montana was a regular part of Mr. Williamson's summer work. Before the Great Northern line was put through, there was a buckboard trip of 100 miles from the end of the railroad, unless he was so fortunate as to secure passage on one of the "regular packet line of steamers" which ran from Bismarck up the river at uncertain intervals, by leave of wind and sand-bars.

Miss Dickson wrote in 1881: "I can hardly picture to you the wildness of this people, and yet Jesus died for them as well as for us, and their souls are just as precious to Him as ours are. One of our neighbours lost a boy a few weeks ago. His brother walked through the camp, naked and wailing, the thermometer forty degrees below zero."

In 1882 a station was established at Wolf Point, twenty-three miles farther west. Here the school developed into a boarding school under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Richard King. Later Ash Point, still farther away, was occupied. At this place a "Little Mission Meeting" was held, Mr. Williamson being present, during the time that Rev. E. J. Lindsey had charge of the Montana work. This meeting was held because these Christian converts were too far away to attend the regular Mission Meeting, and it proved to be a great help and stimulus to them.

In 1908 the Native Missionary Society started work in the Little Rockies, 150 miles west of Poplar. Rev. George Firecloud has been a successful native missionary in this field since that time. Two churches

have been organized. This is the most remote field in the Dakota Mission.

Mr. Williamson had made several trips among the wild Indians of the Great Sioux Reserve, and

Pine Ridge
Mission

in 1886 persuaded the Board to establish a Mission among the 8,000 Oglalas of the Pine Ridge Agency.

This was Red Cloud's home, almost under the shadow of the Black Hills. Mr. C. G. Sterling was the first missionary and soon after his arrival a frame church and manse were built at the agency. A chapel and cottage were also built on Porcupine Creek, twenty-five miles from the agency, and occupied by Miss Dickson and Miss McCreight.

The uprising of the Western Sioux brought about by the "Messiah Craze" in 1890 unsettled the work and Mr. Sterling resigned. Mr. Williamson felt that he was needed at Pine Ridge more than at Yankton Agency, so he moved there with his family in 1891 and remained there for a year, until Rev. A. F. Johnson was appointed to that field, when he returned to his home at Greenwood.

In the narrative of Dakota Presbytery, April, 1891, Mr. Williamson makes this mention of the Messiah Craze and the Battle of Wounded Knee:

Messiah Craze

"The most noted event of the past year was the Sioux War which was brought on by the Indian Messiah delusion. A common brotherhood unites the Sioux nation and the boom of the cannon at one extremity makes the whole body

tremble and every ear tingle. The blood of two hundred Indians and fifty whites watered the earth. Two million dollars was drained from the Federal Treasury. Thousands of Indians were excited to the point of infatuation and a highway was made for the vile passions of the human heart.

"It has been a time to try the virtue of the Christian religion, and the trial has been a victory for Christ. The followers of Jesus have been true to the Captain of their Salvation and loyal to the powers that be. - The accusation that the Christianity of Indian converts is only skin deep has been proved false. Of eleven hundred church-members not a dozen turned aside after the Indian Messiah or were led into hostilities. Only the Mission work among the Pine Ridge Indians has been seriously affected. We have no organized church among that people as yet. Some fifteen, however, have professed Christ. These have passed through a fiery furnace. Like the apostles at the Crucifixion, some hid their lights for a time but soon recovered. Others stood firm through the whole.

"Now the hope is to organize a church soon, and the prospect is encouraging for the opening of a wide door among those who have hitherto been opposed to Christianity."

October 30, 1892, a church was organized at Wounded Knee, seventeen miles from the agency, and almost on the historic site of the Battle of Wounded Knee.

The Pine Ridge Reservation is widely extended,

different bands being located along the various streams that flow into the White River. Those who live in the extreme eastern end of the reservation are three days distant from the agency, travelling by team.

Since 1912 Mr. Lindsey has been in charge of the eastern half of the reservation, dividing the field with Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Williamson held the office of Stated Clerk in Dakota Presbytery for forty-eight years, from 1867 when it was reorganized as a separate Presbytery for Indian work until 1915, and much of his work centered about the Presbytery. During most of these years there have been only two white ministers besides himself in the Presbytery, so a large part of the work of training the native ministers and elders has fallen upon him.

Rev. A. F. Johnson of Pine Ridge, who was associated with Mr. Williamson in the Presbytery for twenty-four years, writes of his ideals in Church Government: "In Church Government Mr. Williamson strove for a democracy in the strictest sense. Every member must be urged to assume his share of the burden and responsibility. The church being a place for worship, it is the duty of every member to see that the fire on the altar is kept burning. The absence of the missionary or pastor should be no excuse for closed doors on the Sabbath. In a majority of in-

Work in the
Presbytery

Church
Government

stances this idea is put into practice in the Dakota churches.

"The eldership of Dakota Presbytery will compare favourably with that of the average Presbytery of to-day. His plan looked forward to the time when the Dakota Indians shall operate their own mission. As General Missionary Mr. Williamson manifested special ability in the selection of church leaders, to whom he delegated much responsibility."

The idea of making set reports at stated times has been a difficult one for the native pastors and

Reports workers to grasp. The securing of their reports, shaping them into proper form, translating and transmitting them to the Board has been a part of Mr. Williamson's work. The majority of the native preachers and helpers have received their salaries through him and the funds for church building and other expenses have passed through his hands. This Presbytery work made a part of the writing he had to do, and it was all a personal work, as he never had a stenographer or office assistant.

An important part of Mr. Williamson's work was as a peacemaker in the churches. In 1894 he wrote of

A Peacemaker "the strifes and jealousies growing out of the old tribal clans." He spent much time both by correspondence and by personal visitation of the churches trying to reconcile these differences and bring about a spirit of harmony. Whether the old tribal clans are still influencing the churches, or whether it is

plain human nature, there are often divisions in the churches to-day. It seems now that one party usually represents the old conservative element and the other the more modern, progressive spirit of the young people.

In the narrative of April '94, Mr. Williamson mentions some of the drawbacks to progress in the churches:

"There are the Lower Brule Indians who have been in a strife for years as to their future location. The past year our two churches there have been set on wheels and are still perambulating over the prairies with no prospect as yet of a permanent location. We need not say that under such circumstances the churches have been dwindling instead of growing.

"It is a great change that a nation has to pass through from heathenism to enlightened Christianity. These Indians are toiling up a straight and narrow way. The missionaries labouring therein are greatly interested in their efforts. Doubtless the angels in heaven are also.

"The Prince of Darkness is still powerfully at work and is continually changing his tactics. At first he showed a solid phalanx of heathenism, but now the Devil would drown them by a flood of fleshly vices. We have Indian and white dances, both of which have side shows of drunkenness and licentiousness."

Going back to 1878 we find a unique document in

the form of petition by the Presbytery to the agent and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, asking them to put a stop to the Indian dances :

I. The Grass Dance works evil in the case of the flesh, chiefly in these respects :

1. Giving away wives.
2. Killing oxen they have received from the Government and giving away horses.
3. Giving away clothing and food and starving themselves.
4. Losing two or three days' work every dance.
5. They dance in Indian costume and they talk war stories in the dance.
6. They hunt women at night.

II. The Grass Dance defiles the soul :

1. Many church members are drawn away.
2. The Sabbath Day is disregarded.
3. They pray to idols.
4. They besmirch their households.

And so we regard the Grass Dance as equal to the custom of gambling.

" We have been enjoined by the Presbytery to give judgment concerning the Grass Dance and we decide that this custom is not to be kept up. Among the Dakota people we judge it should not be preserved. But we are not able to put a stop to it ourselves. Therefore the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the agent, our Father,—we pray you to stop it for us.

(Signed) PAUL WALKING GUN,
JONAH RED DAY,
PAUL JUG,
Committee.

April 3, 1878.

DAVID GRAYCLOUD, *Scribe.*"

Coming on to 1901 there is this entry :

"Old heathen habits arise and draw the people back into the old ruts. Their social customs and amusements are largely heathenish. If they turn aside from these to seek recreation among white people, the ballroom and the saloon lead them into vices more destructive than their old heathen ways."

And in 1908 : "The power of heathenism is dying out, but civilized iniquities are plentiful. The saloon is playing havoc among our people and destroying precious lives." Here we see a progression from "the solid phalanx of heathenism" to the time when "civilized iniquities were the more plentiful."

From the beginning it has been Mr. Williamson's effort to educate the Indian people to support their own churches and pastors. Sending

Self-Support

the Gospel to their wild and distant brother Sioux has been a more popular work than supporting the pastors of the home churches. There is an appeal about the new remote fields that the familiar work around them has seemed to lack. One thing that has made it hard for the people to see the necessity of giving much to their pastor's support is that some of the native preachers have had an income from land, so that they have been as well off as the majority of their parishioners without any salary.

With the transition period has come a serious problem in the growing inability of the native preachers and helpers to live on their meager

salaries. The young men who have no other income cannot get along on a salary of \$300 a year. This is partly due to the increasing high cost of living and partly to the change in the standards of living brought about by the selling of the allotted lands which the Government now permits in some instances. Those who have sold land have plenty of money for a time, and automobiles and player pianos are common even in the remote districts where most of the native helpers are stationed.

The preachers and helpers have many visitors dropping in for meals ; they have not inherited habits of economy from past generations. Is it any wonder that they are sometimes unable to keep out of the clutches of debt ?

It might be said that the churches should do more for those who minister to them, and so they should. Indians are generous when they have the money, but systematic giving is a plant of slow growth, especially among people who have for years depended upon the Government for all that they have. And in the case of a native missionary going among heathen people, it cannot be expected that they should at once begin to contribute to his support.

However some progress has been made. Several of the older churches have for one or two years supported their pastors without aid. The Yankton Agency Church has received no aid from the Board for the last eight years. They pay their native pastor from \$350 to \$400, besides making frequent donations of coal and other supplies, and pay for

fuel and lights for the church. When Thomas Williamson with his family left the agency in 1916 he donated to the church his residence, which is conveniently located and is used for a manse.

In an extract from a letter written March 12, 1877, we see Mr. Williamson's attitude of encouraging initiative:

"The Springs people are determined to have a church this summer. They have raised about seventy dollars cash and more to come in yet and they propose calling upon all their brethren in the Dakota churches to help them. It was their own idea. Owing to the hardness of the times and other objects before them, I would not have suggested it. But I did not think it best to oppose it as I consider it the true principle to do what they can themselves and then to call on their Dakota friends to help them."

A letter written in October, 1880, when sending a gift to the Goodwill Church shows his enjoyment in helping those who were trying to help themselves:

"I learn you are building a beautiful holy house, but none of you are rich and there are not a great many of you, so that the burden you carry must be heavy. And to-day I seem to hear the voice of God saying to me, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' And so I want to do, to bear a part of your burden.

"I have raised a cow which I give for your help; but as it is far and difficult to take the cow to you, I give in its place twenty-five dollars."

Mr. Williamson had much to do with the actual work of church building. Upon many of the churches he worked with his own **A Church Builder** hands. He would order the lumber, hire a carpenter and work with him, getting what help he could from the people themselves. The second church built at Flandreau, in 1875, was one that the people were very ambitious for. Common logs would not do for this building. They had Mr. Williamson order lumber for them and hauled it from the nearest railway station eighty miles away. The people worked with enthusiasm, helping Mr. Williamson and the carpenter and Mr. P. A. Vannice, the Government school-teacher. When finished it was neat and commodious, a church they could all be proud of, and it is still in use.

In all the years of ceaseless activity, Mr. Williamson was not so absorbed in his own work as to be unable to extend a helping hand to other labourers in the Vineyard. His **Relations with Episcopalian** fraternal spirit towards other denominations was so marked as to be noticed and commented upon by the native preachers. Rev. John Eastman has said : "Any one that he thought could do some good he helped. If they were praised he was pleased. Presbyterians or Congregationalists or Episcopalian, he helped them all."

The columns of the *Iapi Oaye* were always open to church items from the Episcopalian, and until

their own paper, the *Anpao*, was established they were frequent contributors. In the *Word Carrier* of January, '76, Mr. Williamson gives mention of the new Dakota prayer-book in this way: "Without any controversy as to the desirability of forms of prayer, if our brethren choose to use them, we heartily desire that they shall have them as perfect as possible. We are much pleased, therefore, in looking over a copy which has been handed us by Rev. J. W. Cook, to find so perfect a book."

At another time he wrote an account of the closing exercises of St. Paul's School at Greenwood.

A number of the leading native Episcopal clergy have come from the ranks of Mr. Williamson's early pupils. Rev. Luke Walker, Rev. Amos Ross and the late lamented Rev. Charles S. Cook have spoken with appreciation of the early help they received from Mr. Williamson, who gave them, as they have said, their start.

The visits of Bishop Hare to Yankton Agency were welcomed by Presbyterians and Episcopalians alike. Between the Bishop and Mr. Williamson there were feelings of high esteem and strong personal regard.

As an example of denominational comity not often met with between Episcopalians and Presbyterians, this is given: During the last few years the two churches at Yankton Agency have alternated in holding Sunday evening services and the congregation has been largely the same in either church. Mr. Williamson has been as punctilious in attending

the Episcopal service as in being present to conduct his own.

Dakota Mission
Under Different
Boards

The Dakota Mission was under the American Board for thirty-six years, from its beginning in 1835 to 1871. Then there was a change. The New School Presbyterians who were labouring under the American Board withdrew and joined with the Old School Presbyterians in the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Dr. T. S. Williamson and John P. Williamson with the work which they represented were taken under the care of this Board. Dr. S. R. Riggs, although a Presbyterian, preferred to remain under the American Board. His sons, Alfred and Thomas, joined the Mission as Congregational ministers, so naturally worked under the American Board until the Congregational Indian work was transferred to the American Missionary Association in 1883. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions turned its Indian work over to the Board of Home Missions in 1893.

These changes have made but little difference in the field. The ministers meet separately in Presbytery and Association. Otherwise the work is practically one as it has always been. There are several influences which tend to hold the Dakota Mission together. One is the feeling of the Dakota people themselves, the majority of whom know no distinction. The Annual Mission Meeting or Conference which is largely attended by members of both de-

nominations is a great unifying influence. The Santee Normal Training School has had nearly as many Presbyterian as Congregational pupils. The Bible Training Department is supported by both Boards and the building of the new Memorial Hall was a joint enterprise. Prof. F. B. Riggs, Superintendent, and Rev. Jesse P. Williamson in charge of the Bible Department have together been carrying on the work of their fathers.

Mr. Williamson lived to see thirty-five Presbyterian churches among the Dakota Indians, with a total membership of almost two thousand communicants, representing a following of perhaps five thousand people. Sixteen ordained native ministers and a number of lay missionaries minister to these churches or labour on fields not yet organized. The churches are located as follows: Sisseton Reservation, 7; Flandreau, 1; Granite Falls, Minnesota, 1; Yankton Reservation, 4; Lower Brule, 2; Crow Creek, 2; Devil's Lake, N. D., 2; Pine Ridge, 9; Montana, 7. These churches contributed in 1917 three thousand dollars to the Native Missionary Society and almost five thousand dollars for their own support.

The Congregational branch of the Dakota Mission reports twenty-two churches, sixteen out-stations, 1,476 communicants, four ordained native ministers, twenty lay workers, five schools with an attendance of 441 pupils.

Aside from the tabulated results of Mission work

as shown by the total number of churches and converts, the influence of the missionaries has been more far-reaching.

The opening years of the twentieth century have ushered in a new era in the history of the Dakota people. The change has been so marked that it seems to have taken place over night. The chiefs and medicine men have bowed to the inevitable. The older generation have recognized that there is no future for them as Indians of the old order. The young people have taken the standards of civilization as their standards, and do not wish to be known as Indians, but as Americans.

A number of causes have conspired to bring about this change. The opening of the reservations to white settlement has brought a demonstration of civilization to the very doors of the wigwam. There have been faithful and efficient teachers and employees in the Government service who have been influential in bringing about this result. But more important, because more fundamental, has been the work of the missionaries, whose efforts have brought about a change of heart which has made the Indians receptive to other civilizing influences.

Major Kinney, agent to the Yanktons, in his Annual Report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the year 1887 wrote : "To the untiring efforts of the missionaries on the reservation, more than to all other influences, may be attributed the progress made by the Indians in civilization and Christianity."

The change of attitude towards the English language is one conspicuous feature of the new order.

Talking English Learning to talk English has been a great mountain of difficulty. Many good teachers wore themselves out trying to get their pupils to talk English. The pupils wanted to learn how before they tried. They were much afraid of being laughed at. Those that did brave ridicule and try, spoke in such a way that it was hard to understand them. Only the little girls in the boarding-schools talked English freely.

Then in a day everything was changed. Practically all of the younger generation were trying to talk English, and succeeding too. Parents who speak English not at all now boast that their children cannot be induced to speak a word in Dakota.

Upon discarding the blanket and moccasins the young Indian of the second period adopted, as far as

**Students of
Second Period** he was able, the style of the western cowboy. The sombrero and high heeled boots with clanking spurs were prized accessories. But two features of the costume were essential. One was the long front lock of hair carefully pasted down over the forehead and covering the left eye. The other was a large handkerchief tied around the neck. These incidentals suggest the instinctive reaching out for the protection of the lost blanket. A rawhide string tied about the waist in lieu of a belt completed the costume. Suspenders were strictly tabooed.

The schoolgirls of the boarding-schools felt

awkward upon appearing in public without a shawl. It, or a blanket or robe, had been the habiliment of their mothers and grandmothers before them. When one of these girls was called upon to recite, she would slowly rise, and after a long pause, would begin to read or recite in a perfectly inaudible voice. It was a relief to the teacher as well as herself when she finally sat down.

The long forelock has given place to the scholarly pompadour ; the educated young Indian upon occasion boasts collar and cuffs as immaculate as his white brother. The schoolgirls to-day wear middies and play basket-ball. What is to be the future of these young people ?

In casting aside the restrictions of old Indian custom which permitted no sociability between the young women and the young men,
Moral Danger the young people are in danger of going to the other extreme in their newly found freedom, taking as their model the free and easy manners of the street and dance halls of our western towns. They meet many temptations. Only the grace of God is able to keep them from moral downfall.

In an article written in 1882 Mr. Williamson gave his views on the special work of the Church for the Indians. There is a point here that is not yet clear in the minds of many :

“ To the friends of Indian progress these are pro-

pitious, perhaps critical days. The eyes of the country are turned towards the Indians as never before. Pressure, stronger and stronger, is brought to bear on the lawmakers to take up and discharge the nation's duty to this handful of aborigines.

"At such a time the Church should see that her peculiar work is not neglected. Her work is not to give Indians an education, but the Gospel; not to teach them how to farm but how to be followers of Jesus. More or less of other work may be done by the Church, but if she neglects to preach Christ, the Son of God, she is no longer the Church of God, the pillar and ground of the truth.

"So now, as we and others are wrestling with the educational and civilization problems, are we wrestling before God as we should with this still greater problem,—the Christianization of the Indian."

Mr. Williamson prized his citizenship. In the years before the reservation was open to settlement,

As a Citizen the Government employees and missionaries were not allowed to vote

He counted it a deprivation. From 1895 when the franchise was granted to the settlers and Indians on the Yankton Reservation, he allowed nothing to interfere with his attendance at the polls on election day.

A letter written April 22, 1873, gives his point of view as to Christians and politics: "I was glad to get your judgment on that Peace Commission, although I shall not follow it entirely. I should not

let it interfere with our Mission Meeting. I do not however now think it is best to decline on account of the character of my proposed associates. It appears to me that the same principle carried out would prevent Christians from taking part in almost any political movement."

At the first general election after the reservation was opened, Mr. Williamson was elected to the State Legislature, and spent a part of two winters at Pierre. Thus he made the acquaintance of the leading politicians of the state. Some who were legislators then, afterwards became congressmen, and through their influence he was sometimes able to secure legislation in behalf of the Indians. Senators Burke, Crawford, Pettigrew and Gamble were among those with whom he corresponded relative to Indian affairs. In the matter of securing title to church and cemetery lots, a word from one of the congressmen has often helped things along.

In 1905 Mr. Williamson delivered the biennial address before the State Historical Society at Pierre, taking as his subject, "The Outlook for South Dakota." His interest and pride in the development of the state is strongly shown in this address.

After speaking of different ways to overcome drought, and of the artesian basin as a source of water supply, he said :

"The other great supply of water is the Missouri River. This is one of the most magnificent bodies of running water in the world. Who that has stood on the banks of this mighty stream during one of

our dry seasons, and watched those waters rushing madly and uselessly to their ocean home, has not had, as I have had, visions of some great master cowboy who could throw his lasso over the neck of that untamed monster serpent, and drag him from out of his deep winding nooks, and cleaving him in twain stretch the parts along the high divide that runs down each side of the state, and there let them be dissipated into thousands of little channels to moisten the parched earth. What a transformation we should have! Instead of an endless expanse of dry, wrinkled grasses, rich to be sure, but scanty enough to frighten a tenderfoot, we should see great stretches of green meadows and waving fields of grain, which would support many times the population it is otherwise capable of doing."

The address closed with this bright vision:

"South Dakota is in the morning of her history. As she goes forth, her golden locks are waving unkempt in the breeze. Her lips quaff eagerly the bracing air. Her raised brow is unfurrowed with care, and her clear, bright eye pierces the future with hope and delight. Will her hopes be fulfilled? The opportunity is before her. Under God, her destiny is in her own hands."

Mr. Williamson was deeply interested in education among white people as well as among Indians. He

Interest in Education expressed his gratification that the white settlers of South Dakota were of a class that appreciated education.

In Yankton College and in the Synod's College,

first at Pierre and afterwards at Huron, he took a personal interest, visiting them frequently. He was a member of the first Board of Trustees of Pierre University, and continued to serve on that Board through the years at Pierre and afterwards at Huron, thirty-three years in all, making it a point to attend the annual meetings.

Dr. Calvin H. French says, "When I became President of Huron College he welcomed me to that work and became a most faithful and loyal helper. He was always wise in counsel and generous in his support."

President H. M. Gage speaks of Mr. Williamson in connection with Huron College:

"His vision of the necessities of the developing kingdom comprehended the foundation of a Christian college. To him and to a few associates who like him had rare qualities of Christian citizenship, the citizens of the kingdom owe the foundation and development of Huron College. The task of building a college on the frontier was almost superhuman. The difficulties were enormous. Failure was many times almost confessed. It seemed in fact that these college builders must fail. But Dr. Williamson never lost faith. Always he prayed and laboured for Huron and gave to it. The letter files of the college are full of his messages of hope and cheer. The treasurer's books indicate that nearly every letter was accompanied by a check to help the cause he loved.

"As Huron grew, he rejoiced and took pleasure in contrasting the present with the past. On com-

ing to meetings of the trustees he would sometimes look out of the window towards the James River and recall the days when he had ridden up the river banks, driving from his path buffalo which had come down into the valley to drink. Then he would moralize on the passing of the buffalo and the coming of the Dakota boys and girls to the college on the banks of the river to drink at the fountain of knowledge."

Mr. Williamson extended the hand of fellowship to the home missionaries labouring among the white settlers of the state, regularly attending the meetings of Synod and occasionally the meetings of the white Presbyteries.

Dr. H. P. Carson, Stated Clerk of the Synod of South Dakota, tells of his first meeting with Mr. Williamson:

"My first sight of Dr. Williamson was about thirty-five years ago at a meeting of the Southern Dakota Presbytery in Scotland, where he appeared unannounced, having ridden on horseback from Greenwood, Yankton Agency, forty miles distant, taken quarters for himself at the hotel and picketed his horse on the prairie near by. He gave us home missionaries a hearty welcome to the newly-forming state, and made us conscious of his deep interest in our undertaking, helping us to see its fascinating features and far-reaching possibilities. My acquaintance with him ripened as we were associated in the Synod and the nurture of the Synod's College."

Dr. Gage of Huron College tells of receiving the Indian hand-shake :

" Well do I remember how he shook my hand Indian fashion when I was inaugurated president of Huron College, saying, ' Shaking hands is an Indian sign which at least once saved my life.' "

The Synod of South Dakota in session at Aberdeen in October, 1910, presented Mr. Williamson with a large silver loving cup, commemorating his fifty years in the ministry and in the Indian work.

No Dead Line Before the Synod of South Dakota was organized, Mr. Williamson as retiring moderator preached a sermon before the Synod of Minnesota at Hastings on "Missionary Work the Law of Life." Is missionary work also the "Fountain of Youth" for which Ponce de Leon sought in vain, and was it drinking at this fountain that gave to Mr. Williamson his perennial youthfulness? Certain it is that the "ministerial dead line" never troubled him. By experience he knew nothing about it. The added years brought him added responsibilities and new opportunities for service. He was well along in the seventies when he began to acknowledge that he no longer felt the exuberance of youth and nearly eighty before he could be persuaded to give over a part of his work to younger shoulders.

Mr. Williamson did not enjoy an uninterrupted flow of health and strength. The early years at Yank-

ton Agency were strenuous ones. During this time it would be hard to enumerate the Breaks in Health scope of his activities. He had been accustomed to think that his strength was equal to every occasion. The demands upon his time by the Yanktons and others often crowded his work on the *Iapi-Oaye* and other desk work far into the night. He still loved to tread the prairie paths and welcomed as a recreation the call to build a new church in any part of the Mission field. But when he was at home he found it hard to get much time in the open. His health suffered. In 1885 a cold developed into an obstinate catarrhal and bronchial trouble, by some doctors thought to be tubercular. He had severe coughing spells and would often spend the greater part of the night sitting up coughing. His strength was much reduced, but he kept on with his work, though with difficulty.

In January, '87, at the earnest advice of physicians and friends he went to Florida accompanied by Mrs. Williamson and little Helen, and remained until warm weather. During this time many prayers went up from the Christian Indians for his recovery. The Buffalo Lakes Church on the Sisseton Reservation held special meetings for a week, March 7-13, having this as the great burden of their prayers.

The milder climate of the South enabled Mr. Williamson to spend a part of the time out-of-doors, but he came home without experiencing any marked improvement. The next winter the coughing spells were nearly as severe and continued at intervals for

a number of years. He took treatment in St. Paul and other places. The greatest part of his fight for life was made in the open air, where from this time he spent from four to five hours nearly every day. And he won out, and in the later years of his life was entirely free from his old trouble.

Mr. Williamson met with several accidents. In August, 1871, when he was building the first Flan-dreau church, he was on his way

Accidents

driving alone over the prairies near Swan Lake. It was about noon of a hot, still August day. The horses were jogging along and Mr. Williamson was not giving much attention to the lines, when a prairie chicken flew up suddenly close by the side of the road. The horses jumped violently to one side and Mr. Williamson was thrown from the wagon severely straining his back. He tried to get up and run after his team, but found he could not stand up. He crept on hands and knees in great pain to the nearest house, over a mile away. Here he lay on his back for more than a week before he was able to make the journey home.

In the autumn of 1907 Mr. Williamson started on a trip to see about establishing a mission station in the Little Rockies in Montana. He stopped at Twin Brooks, South Dakota, and hired a team at the livery stable to go and look at some land. As he was returning and driving down a steep hill the neck yoke gave way and the wagon tongue

dropped. The team ran away and he was thrown from the buggy, striking his head on a stone. He lay unconscious for a time, then recovered sufficiently to walk into town. He went first to the livery stable and found that the team had just returned. His head ached so that he could not eat any supper, and the next morning it was but little if any better. He thought of turning around and going home but did not like to give up anything that he had started to do and thought he would soon be all right again, so he took the train for the journey to Montana.

On the way he grew steadily worse and when he reached Harlem, the end of the railroad journey, he was seriously ill. He was helped from the train, taken to a boarding-house near by and a doctor summoned. His name was learned from letters in his pocket and word was sent to Mrs. Williamson. Thomas went to care for his father and after remaining with him a few days decided that it would be best to take him to a hospital, and he made the journey to Minneapolis with him. There at Asbury Hospital Mr. Williamson had a long siege of brain fever. After several months he slowly regained his health.

In September, 1914, while attending Mission Meeting at Lake Traverse Church near Brown Valley, Minnesota, Mr. Williamson was suddenly taken very ill. He was hurried to a hospital in Minneapolis where an operation was performed which saved his life. Owing to his advanced years his re-

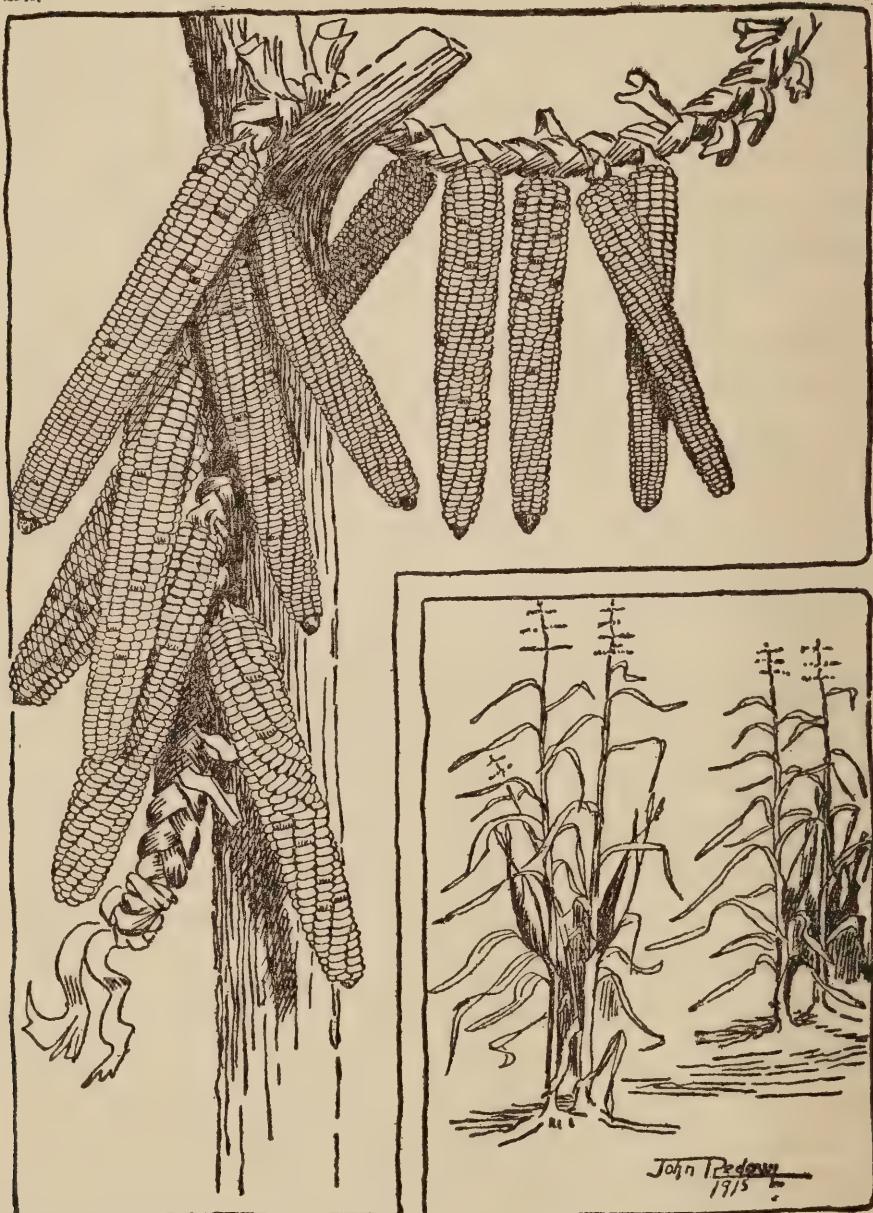
covery was slow, but he still wanted to live, for he felt that he had not finished his work.

Other instances could be given, but they all show how much the spirit of not giving up counts. The lesson of his life is one of encouragement and incentive to those who are striving in bodily weakness to do their part in the world.

After Mr. Williamson's breakdown in health in the '80's he found that he would have to take care of himself. He had always been an early riser and he began to retire early. Then like Joshua he would rise up very early in the morning. The glory of the sunrise, the matin song of the meadow-lark, were not lost to him. He turned his attention more to gardening. He had practiced the principles of "Dry Farming" years before they were promulgated by agricultural bulletins. He made a specialty of the Ree corn, procuring fresh seed from Fort Berthold, North Dakota, every few years, and he usually managed to have roasting ears a little earlier than any one else. The Ree corn begins to tassel out before it is knee high and is quite a curiosity to those who have seen only the well-grown stalks of the Corn Belt, but it grows ears of real corn. Though short they are sweet and well adapted to table use.

When the gardening season was over and the wintry winds blew, Mr. Williamson still spent much time out-of-doors. Until the last ten or twelve years, wood was the only available fuel for heating

Gardening for
Health



Mr. Williamson's Indian corn came a little earlier than that
of his neighbours.

and cooking and the most of the sawing and splitting of the long rows of cord-wood
The Wood-Pile was done by himself. Before leaving home he would always see that enough wood was cut and split to last until his return and that a supply of chips and kindling was in readiness.

He procured a hand corn sheller and grinder and spent considerable time shelling and grinding corn for feed. He always wanted to feel that his exercise was work and supplied some real need. He went about his work with a quick, light step even in his later years.

Beautiful for Situation The location of Yankton Agency, or Greenwood, as it is now usually called, is one of the most sightly along the Missouri River. Looking across the river one sees a low wooded bottom with the river bluffs rising high and imposing beyond. On the agency side there is no low bottom but a bench about half a mile wide where the agency and Mission buildings stand. On the north and northwest are gently rising hills which slope away to the rolling prairie.

The steadfastness of the everlasting hills on which his eyes rested lovingly morning and evening, the far vision of the prairies where he travelled many days, were reflected in the life of Mr. Williamson.

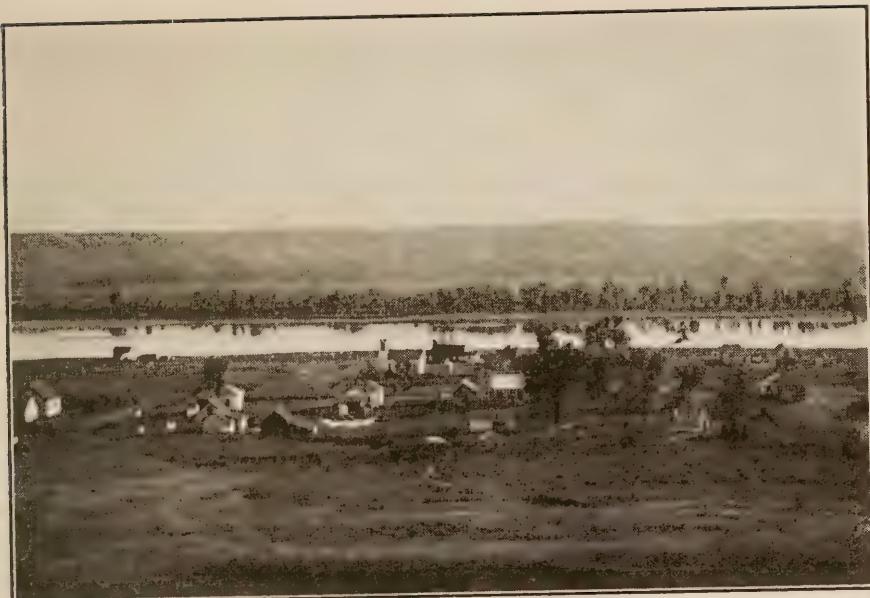
THE FAMILY SITTING-ROOM

This was the large front room, which before the

church was finished was used for school and church services. Here the family lived and the children played. In one corner Mr. Williamson had his desk and here he received his callers. It might seem that this was a poor place for a study, but Mr. Williamson had to a great extent the gift of abstraction, so that he could write and study without noticing what was going on around him. Sounds of quarrelling or unpleasantness, however, never failed to reach his inner consciousness, and the participants were promptly called to sit upon chairs. Here with feet dangling from the straight high-back chairs, many a weary, silent half hour was spent by the children, meditating upon their misdeeds, or, more likely, upon their embarrassment should white callers appear while they were in disgrace.

In the early days, dusky faces were often seen peering in at the windows. The family life of the missionary was of interest to the people and doubtless many useful lessons were learned from the other side of the glass. The log house into which Mr. and Mrs. Williamson moved when they first went to Greenwood and all the houses of the employees had little picket fences about three feet square around each window as a gentle reminder to the people, but when Mr. Williamson built he did not make fences around the windows.

Mrs. Williamson was the presiding genius of the home and was able to create an atmosphere of comfort and refinement with few accessories. The family living-room and the public reception room



Location of Yankton Agency.



Presbyterian Mission.

being one and the same, she and Mr. Williamson were able to effect a change in the manners of the Yanktons which would hardly have been possible had they been received in a businesslike office with little or no suggestion of the home. This was with regard to smoking. In the councils of the Indians with the agent and other officials, smoking played an important part and the pipe was passed around. But Mr. and Mrs. Williamson decided that they would not have smoking in their home. It required some courage to take this stand at a time when there was considerable opposition to their being there and they naturally wanted to make friends with the people, but when a man would get out his pipe and bag of tobacco or kinnikinic, Mr. Williamson would say, "Friend, my wife doesn't like tobacco, so we don't have smoking here," and they usually took it good-naturedly.

It was not a great while until this became generally known and in the later years it was only an occasional stranger who would think of smoking in the Williamson home.

Times have changed since the day when the missionary housewife knew she must provide enough

Coffee-Coolers to serve one or more extra plates at each meal. These regular meal-time callers were mostly old men; coffee-coolers they were humorously called by the agency employees. The Yanktons in those days received some rations from the Government, but they relished the home cooking of a white woman. One of the

children would carry from the table a filled cup and plate, setting them on a chair before the visitor who always responded with a loud and appreciative "How." Occasionally one would ask a blessing before beginning to eat, and the plate was soon cleared.

Mrs. Williamson also had regular callers from among the old ladies, the grandmothers of the tribe who came to the kitchen door.

The Grandmothers The children observed that with one of these, the greater part of the contents of the plate usually found its way to a dark and greasy bag which she always carried. Sometimes she would offer the explanation that she wanted to carry something to her grandchild.

Grandmother was the hewer of wood and the carrier of water. She might often be seen coming up from the river with a keg of water strapped to her back or a huge bundle of willows which she had chopped down in the river bottom. Poor old grandmother! Her face was lined and furrowed with years of hardship, her back was bent carrying heavy burdens, but she remembered the grandchildren.

The coffee-coolers, old Broad Ax, Brown Owl and others of their class have passed away. The old-time grandmother is now almost extinct, and with the changing conditions others are not coming on to take their place.

It is not now considered good form among the Indians to sit and wait for a meal. If one happens to be in at meal-time, he is invited to the table with



Grandmother was the Hewer of Wood and the Carrier of Water.

the family. For the most part they come, transact their business and depart, without trespassing unduly upon the time of the missionary.

Five brides have gone out from the family sitting-room. Two were missionary teachers. The first, Miss Emma Calhoun, was married to Rev. C. L. Hall in 1876 and went with her husband to establish a mission at Fort Berthold. About ten years later Miss Nancy Hunter, a niece of Mr. Williamson, became the wife of Rev. E. J. Lindsey, and together they occupied the difficult field at Poplar, Montana. Both Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Lindsey laboured in their new homes for several years and then were called to their heavenly Home. Following them as brides came the three daughters of the family.

A succession of missionary teachers have found a home in the old house. One of the first was Miss Mary Pond, daughter of Rev. Gideon H. Pond, the pioneer missionary. Then came two brothers of Mrs. Williamson, Mr. P. A. Vannice, and later Mr. Henry D. Vannice with his wife, both of whom with their families afterwards settled at Flandreau, and Mr. Wiley A. Brown, who has since died. Miss Nannie Williamson, sister to Mr. Williamson, laboured especially among the women and was the founder of the Women's Missionary Society. She closed her earthly pilgrimage in this home, November 18, 1877, as did also Aunt Jane, Mr. Williamson's aunt, nearly eighteen years later, March 24, 1895. Aunt Jane was the last survivor of the first genera-

Brides
and Teachers



The Old Home.



In the Garden.

tion of workers in the Dakota Mission, having attained the advanced age of ninety-two years.

Miss Dickson went from Yankton Agency to teach at Poplar, Montana, and later had charge of the station at Porcupine. Miss Ilsley, who later taught in the Santee Normal, and Miss Pike, since teacher at "The Western," Oxford, Ohio, are also of the number. Miss Miller, who taught at Poplar and at Good Will, returned to the Greenwood home and is there active in the work to-day.

MR. WILLIAMSON AS A FATHER

Mr. Williamson never spent a great deal of time taking care of the children or in entertaining them. But when he was able to give some time specially to them he did it in a way worth remembering.

A few glimpses of Mr. Williamson as a father are given:

Mother is away. Two of the younger children are playing around, looking not very presentable. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs with the agent and two other distinguished visitors are seen approaching the house. There is no time to clean up the children. Prompt action is required. Father calls, "Boys, do you want some sugar?" and going to the pantry he takes from the shelf the sugar bowl and sets it on a chair before the surprised and pleased little boys. Then closing the door between them and the sitting-room he goes forward to meet his guests.

The family are returning from Santee, a whole

wagon load of them. A prairie fire is raging in the river bottom through which their road lies. The wind is scorching and the air so filled with smoke and cinders that it is almost dark, though midday. They cannot go on, and stop for refuge in a little log hut near the road. The children are frightened and restless. Father plays games with them, then gathers them around him and tells them stories of his boyhood days, some that they have never heard before. They forget their fears, and how hot and thirsty they are. Towards evening the wind changes and the smoke clears away. The danger is over and they go on their way rejoicing.

House-cleaning day has come. Father's stove-pipe hat has been brought out of the closet where it has reposed for a number of years. It had been the pride of his senior year in college and has been tenderly cared for in spite of the vicissitudes of his subsequent frontier life. Father comes in at the moment and notices the hat. Taking it carefully out of the pasteboard box he surveys it thoughtfully. Then holding it as the full-back on the college team takes up the football, he swings mightily with his kicking foot and almost lifts the hat through the ceiling, to the manifest confusion of the hat. Without offering any explanation to the little children or their mother, Father proceeds to the sitting-room and sits down to work at his desk.

It is time for morning prayers. Johnny is not

singing. Evidently his mind is elsewhere, or perhaps the tune does not appeal to him. When the family rise from their knees, Johnny is requested to take his seat again and is required to sing the whole hymn through alone. It is noticeable after this that Johnny finds no difficulty in remembering to sing.

The place is a railway station in Minnesota. The time, early summer. The train is several hours late. Father and children leave the stuffy waiting-room and go for a walk into the country. They find wild strawberries, quantities of them. Father improvises paper bags out of a newspaper, and they pick berries until they are tired. The two older children go down town to buy some sugar. While they are gone, Father whittles out some wooden spoons. When they return there is a sumptuous repast, wild strawberries and sugar, eaten with Father's wooden spoons.

One of the rain barrels had succumbed to the drought and had fallen in on itself. It was a good barrel, worth at least a dollar and twenty-five cents and barrels were hard to get, so Father tried to put it together again. With hammer and ax at his side he laboured patiently and cheerfully for the better part of an hour while little Johnny stood by, an interested spectator. Every stave was set in place but the last. The setting of the last stave invariably caused two or three others to fall or perhaps the whole barrel would collapse again. Johnny does not remember how many times the attempt was

painstakingly made but noticed that Father was growing less communicative. Perhaps it was the sixteenth time that the two staves had slipped out of place just as success seemed assured, when suddenly Father seized the ax and swinging it with all his might brought it down on the side of the barrel with a resounding whack that sent the broken staves flying across the yard. Then Father went at the wood-pile and Johnny went into the house, wondering.

The boys are playing ball. Father goes out and joins in the game. The boys are amazed. They did not know Father could play ball, and beat them at pitching and batting.

It was Mr. Williamson's ambition to give to each of his children a college education. This a legacy of five thousand dollars from a distant relative helped him to do, and each of the four sons and three daughters who lived to grow up received a college education or its equivalent.

"Iron sharpeneth iron: so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," wrote the wise man.

Dr. Riggs once said that his idea of a vacation was to go on a missionary journey with John P. Williamson. Their journeys together and their occasional sojourns in the homes of each other were all too short for their interchange of thought. Whatever the



Alfred L. Riggs and John P. Williamson.

subject under consideration it was enlivened by quick flashes, unexpected expressions and ready repartee, so that to be present as a listener was a delightful and stimulating mental exercise.

One holiday which the friends took together stands out as a picture on memory's wall, perhaps for the reason that such occasions were so rare in the lives of either of them. The missionary usually encouraged his wife and children to go, and then, with his family out of the way, he would improve the opportunity to finish up some pressing piece of work.

Dr. Riggs was making a brief sojourn in the Williamson home. It was August, and choke-cherries were in their prime. Some one proposed a choke-cherrying expedition to the creek. Unexpectedly both men consented to go. It was a time of heavy burdens and great responsibility, but on that day the two missionaries laid aside their cares and entered into the choke-cherry picking with the enthusiasm of boys. Then they sat on the bank and told stories of fact and fancy, the children pausing in their play to listen, until the lengthening shadows on the hills reminded Mrs. Williamson that there were chores to be done at home.

The steamboat has played an important part in the history of the Dakota Mission.
Steamboat Days By steamboat Dr. Williamson and the other fathers of the Mission ascended the Mississippi to their field of labour in the

'30's. A steamboat carried the Santee prisoners to Davenport and another conveyed Mr. Williamson with their captive families to Crow Creek. On a steam-boat Mr. and Mrs. Williamson took their wedding journey down to St. Louis and up the Missouri to Niobrara. The steamboat enabled Mr. Williamson to reach the wild tribes in Montana with the Gospel message.

In the Yankton Agency home the arrival of a steamboat was a great event to the missionary children. Some bright-eyed youngster would spy the smoke away down below the Bend. The word would soon spread and the children would mount the gate-posts and other points of vantage to watch the boat as it came out into view and made its way around the curve and through the narrow pass of the lower bottom. The children would eagerly discuss the respective merits of their favourite boats and would hazard a guess as to whether this one was the *Nellie Peck* or the *Key West* or only the *Josephine*.

When the big whistle boomed out it sent a joyous thrill up and down the spine of every child. Soon the entire juvenile population of the agency as well as a majority of the adults were on their way to the landing, hurrying to get there in time to see the gangplank thrown out and the big rope made fast. The passengers come down the plank and start for a walk. They seem denizens of another world to the agency children. The deck-hands get busy, obeying the shouted orders of the mate. Freight for the trader's store is unloaded and Government

supplies for the Indians. Then the deck-hands begin to carry on great cottonwood sticks of cord-wood which are piled in long tiers along the river bank to be sold to the steamboats.

The warning toot of the whistle is sounded, the passengers come hurrying back, the pilot takes his place at the wheel, the gangplank is drawn in, the bell rings, and the boat moves out into the current on its way up the river to delight other children at other agencies.

With the coming of the railroads, steamboat days have passed away on the upper Missouri, and are recalled only by the annual or semi-annual trip of the Government snag boat, which pursues its devious way through the changing channels of the muddy stream without sounding of whistles or clanging of bells. No care-free passengers or roistering deck-hands are seen. It seems a phantom ship, a ghost of former splendours.

In the early days when Mr. Williamson travelled to and from Minnesota, there was one stop that he never failed to make, and that was at Sioux Point, just above Sioux City, where was a little community of Canadian Frenchmen who were married to Indian or mixed-blood women.

Mrs. Victoria Brazeau was the leading spirit among these women, and an active Christian, having been educated in the homes of the missionaries in Minnesota. Her "prophet's chamber" was

Honourable
Women

always ready for the coming of the missionary, and meetings were held in her house. She ably coöperated with him in his efforts, and practically all the women were converted and baptized.

Later the community was broken up and a number of the women moved to Yankton Agency where they could be near Mr. Williamson's church. Mrs. Brazeau and her invalid sister, Harriet Aungie, were among this number, and by example and precept were true missionaries to the women around them and a tower of strength in the church.

Mrs. Arconge, Mrs. Simmons and Mrs. Victor Cordier from the same place also became active workers in the church and deserve to be mentioned among its honourable women. Their children are now leaders in the church.

The Christmas season has always been a joyous time in the Yankton Agency Church. Mr. Williamson

Christmas at
Yankton Agency early gave the work of preparation into the hands of the members.

A month before Christmas a business meeting is held after the Thursday evening prayer-meeting. A committee of four men and four women is elected, each name being voted upon separately. This committee with their Itancan (chairman) have the entire matter in charge. They enter upon their duties with enthusiasm. They circulate subscription papers, buy presents, select a choir of singers, make out a program, choose and notify the speakers, secure and trim a tree, decorate the church, make

candy bags, mark the presents, and on the auspicious evening, distribute them. The tree is always a native cedar, of which a few may still be found in the ravines which run back from the river. It must be a large tree, one whose top brushes the ceiling.

At early candle lighting the bell is rung and the eager throng press in. The program consists largely of speeches and singing. Seven speeches was formerly the limit, but of late, out of deference to the modern spirit of unrest, the number has been reduced to three, and one or two numbers by the children of the Sunday School have been added. At the close of every speech, the choir gives a selection. Sometimes there is an original song written for the occasion. After the speeches comes the distribution of presents and then the passing of apples and candy bags to every one present. Three barrels of apples is always the number and they are passed and repassed until one can eat no more and the old women carry sacks full home with them.

Mr. Williamson's happy speeches on these occasions will long be remembered by the Yanktons. With a few humorous touches he would arrest the attention of his audience, as told by Miss Miller, writing after the Christmas of '83: "On Christmas after several lengthy speeches, Mr. Williamson called forth peals of laughter from the children and the older ones too fairly shook in listening to his remarks." Then he would focus their interest on the true meaning of Christmas and God's great gift to them.

Since the Indians are scattered out over the reservation and are living on their allotments many have five and ten miles to come to church.

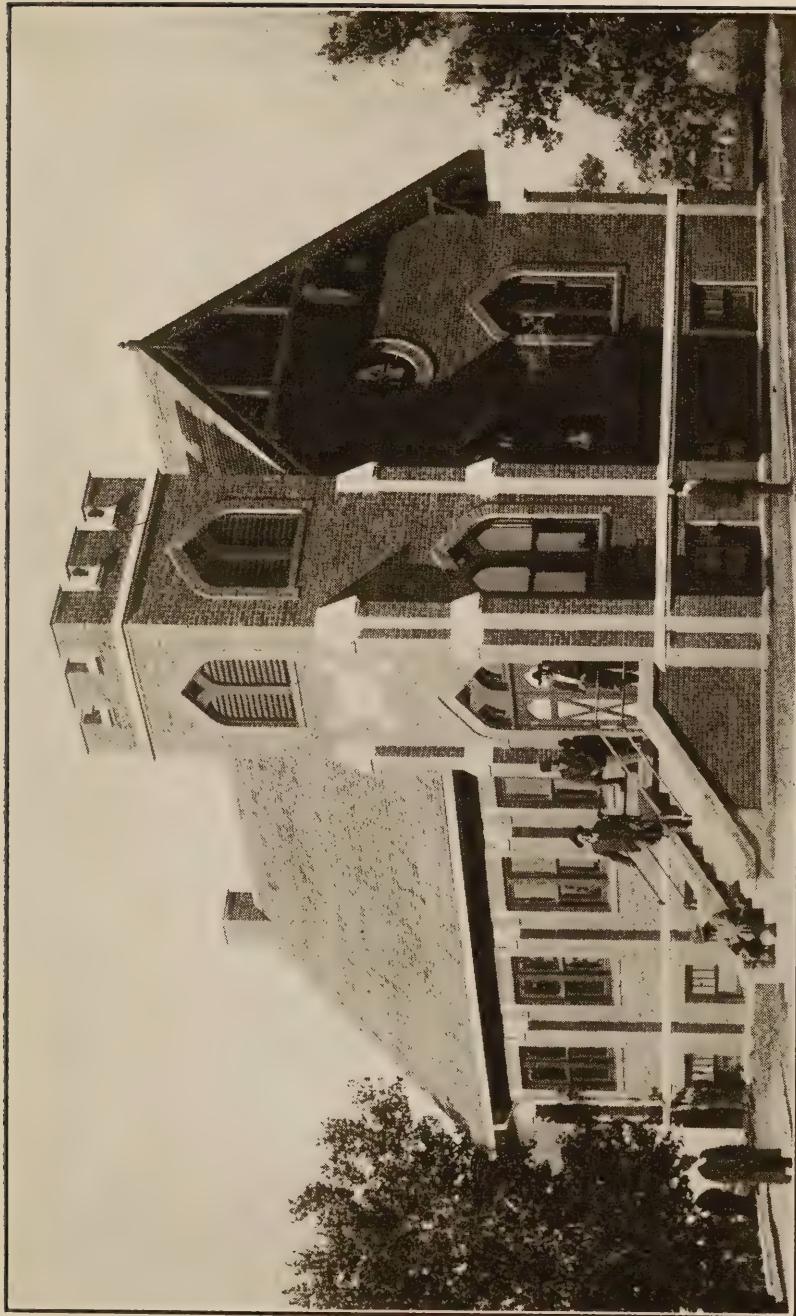
Church Attendance There is a long row of teams tied to the hitching posts every Sunday morning. Some like Gilbert St. Pierre and Silas Aungie, energetic and successful farmers, will stop work early even in the midst of the busy season and come in six to eight miles to lead the mid-week prayer-meeting.

As early as 1910 the idea of a new church began to take root in the minds of some of the members.

The New Church The Indians were beginning to receive money from the sale of their land, and it seemed to these thoughtful ones that it would be better to build soon than to wait until the land was all sold and the money all spent. Then, as more than one said, "Dr. Williamson has built so many churches. We want to build one here that he can enjoy without having to work on it himself."

The first public meeting for the consideration of the church project was held March 8, 1914. David Simmons introduced the subject by saying that for four or five years some of them had been wanting a new church; that they had met together and decided that now was the time to begin the work; that they wished to build a nice church and a large one that would be suitable for their children and grandchildren.

Moses Standing Buffalo then spoke and said:



An \$11,000.00 Church, Built by Indians, Without Aid From the Board of Church Erection.

"Forty-five years ago John P. Williamson came among us with his wife and two children. John's children we have seen growing to manhood and womanhood here, and now they have all gone out to do for themselves and establish homes of their own. It is also time for us to be independent and do for ourselves. Let us arise and accomplish this great work while John P. Williamson still lives."

At a second meeting, held a week later, Mrs. Eunice Zimmerman, widow of one of the charter members of the church, rose and said that her children and grandchildren were dead and that she wanted to give forty acres of land, which ought to be worth about a thousand dollars, to help build the new church. Mrs. Zimmerman died a year later and by the provisions of her will, the proceeds from the sale of her forty acres of land went to the Church Building Fund.

The people have done all the work of raising the money for building, and the feeling of wanting to do it all themselves has been so strong that they have even refused offered donations from white people, saying that Guy Williamson and one or two others with whom they were closely associated were the only whites that were to be let in to the privilege of helping with the new church. When they had collected \$7,000 they began to build.

Mr. Williamson lived to see the work of excavating for the foundation, and a beautiful brick building has now been completed. It will stand as the people of the Ihanktonwan (Yankton) Presbyterian Church

have wished to make it, a memorial to his life and work among them.

A DAY IN THE WILLIAMSON HOME *(By J. G. B.)*

It is five o'clock in the morning. We are awokened by the steady swish, swish of Mr. Williamson's scythe. He has been up and milked the cows and driven them a mile to pasture, and for a little recreation before breakfast has decided to mow the grass around the house. A couple of hours later as we enter the family sitting-room we find Mr. Williamson at his desk busy with his writing. One by one the members of the family appear and at the appointed time family worship begins. Every one is furnished with Bible and hymn-book. One of the daughters is at the piano and then we hear music. There are enough to carry all the parts. Mr. Williamson makes splendid use of his voice, and what a voice he has, a deep, rich bass, plainly heard above, or rather below the others. Then there is the reading of the Scriptures, each one taking part in turn.

Well do we remember, upon our first visit in the Williamson home, our embarrassment at being late at prayers. The singing had begun but there was the convenient chair with Bible and hymn-book waiting, so that one could soon join the others. Breakfast followed prayers, then all went to their tasks for the day, refreshed both bodily and spiritually.

Mr. Williamson usually spent the most of the



The First Grandchild.

forenoon at his desk. We think that most of his deep study and communion with God was in the early part of the day.

At noon the family would gather about the table. Mr. Williamson would ask the blessing, and such wonderful blessings! Not merely thanks for food for himself and family but a blessing on all God's hungry children. Often it would seem to be the continuation of an interrupted prayer. We never in all our visits heard him ask the same blessing twice.

Mr. Williamson always brought cheerfulness to the table. There was no sign of care or anxiety, for he had a family of nine, a salary of six hundred a year and the Lord to provide. So why should he worry? The table conversation was always stimulating. The daily tasks were laid aside and all the family participated in the feast for mind and body. Great topics were discussed. Timely jests were passed and the fault of table gossip was never indulged.

It is six o'clock in the evening. Mr. Williamson suddenly rises from his desk, hastily dons his overalls and starts to the pasture for the cows. Although seventy-five years of age he can get the cows quicker than any of his sons. When he returns supper is ready and immediately after he goes to the garden to plant or to hoe. There he may still be found working after the lamps are lighted. When he can see no longer he comes in, and that is the signal for evening prayers.

The family gather as usual. Often a married son and his family come in for prayers. Mother announces the hymn. Father reads the Bible and offers prayer. The evening prayer is one not to be forgotten. He seems to get very close to God. His God is not one that sleepeth or has gone on a journey or that needs to be shouted to. He is right there and Mr. Williamson talks to Him as he might to a dear friend by his side. He is especially mindful of the Indian people, and asks that "all the aborigines of our country may soon be brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ."

After the prayer is ended a few moments are spent with the family. Then Mr. Williamson rising says, "Good-night, my dear. Good-night to all," and sometimes adds, "I look for a fair day to-morrow. The sky is clear and the wind is from the west."

In a few minutes he is peacefully sleeping, with nothing to disturb his rest. And so the day ends.

And so we think it must have been at the close of his life; after life's long day of prayer and service, a kind good-bye, with the assurance that the morrow would be fair.

On April 27, 1916, the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson was celebrated

The Golden
Wedding

at the old home. The children were all there, and all but six of the twenty-one grandchildren. The old house was filled to overflowing and all met in thankfulness around the festal board. In the afternoon all except



The Golden Wedding Day.



the younger children gathered in the sitting-room and gave recollections of early days. Many almost forgotten incidents and memories were revived, extending all the way back to Mother's cradle songs.

The four boys sang a quartet as they used to do in college days. Jesse and John sang, "Larboard Watch," and Laura played the Moskowski Waltz. When the shades of eve began to gather, all joined in an old-fashioned sing, each one selecting a hymn. Father's selection was, "Thus far the Lord hath led me on."

In his talk Father gave as one reason for thankfulness, the harmony that existed among the children, saying that although they often held strong differences of opinion, yet their affection for each other kept them united. The day closed with Father's prayer.

On January 6, 1885, Mabel Ruth, after a brief illness from scarlet fever, was called to be with Jesus. She was seven years old, the longed-for little sister after four brothers. It was with deep sense of loss that her fair form was laid away under the January snows.

Up to the time of the golden wedding there was no break in the circle of grandchildren, but August 31, 1917, Martin, oldest son of John B. Williamson, in his fourteenth year, was called to the better land. He was a boy of fine character and much promise.

In the early days at Yankton Agency, the agent

received a communication from the Department saying that no whisky or other intoxicants were to be allowed on the reservation. At the next public council he had this letter read and interpreted. One man at least, of those who were present, took the order literally, and that was Red Lightning. At that time many of the ranches or roadhouses kept liquor. Red Lightning knew of one which had just received a winter's supply of whisky in barrels. With a companion he made his way to this ranch, being careful to keep out of sight until he saw the rancher leave the place. Then the two broke into the cave or cellar where the whisky was stored, chopped holes in the barrels with their tomahawks and let the liquor all run out.

The Anti-Saloon Tomahawk

Red Lightning remained throughout his life a consistent foe to fire-water, which he saw was the ruin of many young men in the tribe. In his later years he was very hard of hearing so that it was difficult for an ordinary person to make him understand. He was a man of active mind and would think of many things he wanted done and letters he wanted written. All these matters he would take to Mr. Williamson who always listened patiently and would do what he could for him.

After Mr. Williamson's death when many were coming in hushed silence to look upon his face once more, an Indian death wail was heard, and old Red Lightning was seen approaching. He made a long lament over the body of his friend, beginning, "Oh,

my friend, you have gone before me!" And at the time of the funeral, when many were unable to gain admission to the church, he made a funeral oration before those who stood outside.

Mr. Williamson did not long precede his old friend to the Spirit Land. About two months later, Red Lightning made a long drive through a cold storm of sleet and snow and died from the effects of the exposure.

Some of the missionaries were given Indian names, but Mr. Williamson was universally known among them as "John." He was so called by the Minnesota Indians from the time he was in his cradle, and the prefix "Mr." being unknown to them in those years, it did not occur to them to make any change in their form of addressing him when he arrived at man's estate. The other tribes naturally followed their example.

His Name was John

In the years at Yankton Agency, when an Indian came to the door and saw that Mr. Williamson was not at his desk, he would inquire of any one who happened to be in, "John tokiya (Where is John)?" And those who boasted no other vocabulary would learn to answer in Dakota, "He is in the garden," or, "He is sawing wood," or, "He has gone far away," as the case might be.

Mr. Williamson received many letters from the Indians, and at one time he received a letter which had come several hundred miles through the mails,

the address of which contained only the one word "Jan," no post-office, no state. This was his Indian correspondent's way of spelling John, and his confidence in the ability of officials of the Post-Office Department to properly transmit and deliver his letter was not misplaced.

In 1890 Yankton College conferred upon Mr. Williamson the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in recent years a number of the younger generation have come to speak of him as Dr. Williamson, or "the Doctor." But to the older ones he remained as always their friend John.

Dr. Creswell, in his book "Among the Sioux," has said, "Every white dweller among the Indians is known by some special cognomen. His is simply John. And when it is pronounced by a Sioux Indian, as a member of the tribe always does it, so lovingly, we know he refers to John, the beloved of the Sioux Nation."

One reason why Mr. Williamson was "beloved of the Sioux" was because *he identified himself with them*. That he did so can easily be seen by studying the winter at Fort Snelling and the years at Crow Creek, and it continued to be true throughout his life, though not always shown in as striking a way. He never claimed any consideration on account of being of another race or position. He did not say to them, "Do thus and so," but "Come, let us do it together." He was able to look at things from their

point of view and did not unnecessarily run counter to their customs and prejudices.

It always seemed to hurt him to have the Indians criticized and their failings discussed, just as it would if they had been members of his own family. Miss Miller has mentioned that one of his frequent sayings was, "Don't be too hard on them."

Those who heard him preach will remember how often he used the words, "Mihunkawanji qa mitawinohtin" (My brothers and sisters), and it was not an empty form of words, but the expression of his feeling of brotherliness towards them.

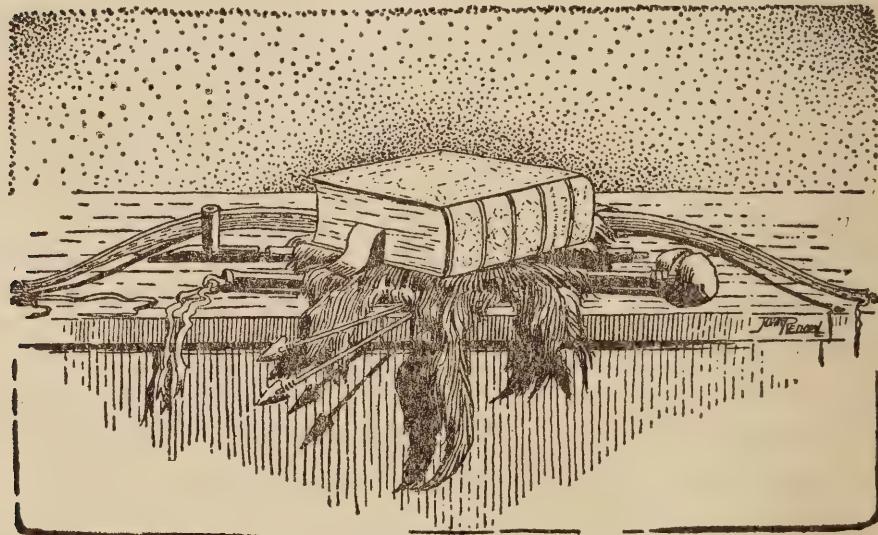
He placed responsibility upon the church members, and especially upon the elders. This has been shown in the Santee chapter and in other places. He never set himself up to be a pope or a dictator over them. He pointed them to the Bible as the source of all wisdom and let them learn to do by doing, even if they made mistakes. He said once that as a young man, he learned wisdom in dealing with difficult cases from the older Indian preachers and elders.

He lived a life of faith and prayer. He believed in prayer, not only the prayer of the public assembly and the family altar, but the life of private devotion. It was this that made him a man of faith, that kept him calm and serene, and gave him courage to overcome obstacles.

He was a man of one aim, and that was to preach the Gospel to the Indians and to work for their uplifting. This singleness of purpose, followed

throughout his life, without wavering or self-seeking, gave him strength and power.

He went amongst the Indians with the open Bible, the "Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." As one of their number has expressed it: "The Bible is the missionary's weapon and now it is on top, having taken the place of the weapons of the early days."



"The Bible is now on Top."

VIII

A GROUP OF STORIES *(Told by J. B. W.)*

I. A NARROW ESCAPE

ONE pleasant winter day about the year 1902 I was loading hay at the meadow of our ranch some few miles above Yankton Agency when I was approached by an old Indian who was out hunting his horses. His name was Wakinyangi (Brown Thunder). He lived near by and although I had seen him often, he had always seemed a reticent old fellow and I had never talked much with him. This time he seemed in a communicative frame of mind, and, passing the time of day, I asked him his age, and upon his telling me I remarked that he was older than my father. At the mention of my father he said, "Ehanna tohinni niyate ikiyena wakte tka" (Once long ago, I came near killing your father). Immediately becoming interested, I asked him to tell me about it. He said it was before Father was married, when he was with the Santees at Conkicakse (Crow Creek). And then he related to me this story.

"I had a wife and three children, and one after another they all took sick and died, and I was left alone. I was very 'cantesica'" (down-hearted, or



A Narrow Escape.

more literally, bad-hearted; and here it might be fitting to say that in the olden times when an Indian had lost a near relative or relatives, and was "bad-hearted," he was in a dangerous frame of mind. He desired to shed blood as a sacrifice for his lost ones, and his thoughts naturally turned to the war-path that he might shed an enemy's blood). To continue his story :

" And so I started out up the river alone on foot, and one evening I was in the country back from Crow Creek and was looking for a place to stop for the night. I entered a deep ravine and began following it down looking for water. It was dark, and suddenly I saw the light of a camp-fire some distance ahead. I approached very quietly until I got near enough to see that there were two men sitting by the camp-fire. I made up my mind that they were Hotanke (Winnebagoes, enemies of the Sioux), and I decided that I would kill them. Creeping closer through the brush, I came very near to them." (Here the old man motioned to indicate a distance of not more than twenty feet.)

" I took my bow and two arrows out of my quiver and placed one arrow on the bow and the other in my mouth that I might draw it quick for the second shot. I intended to kill the one on the far side first and then the nearer one with my second arrow.

" Carefully I raised to my knees, and drawing back the arrow clear to the head, was just in the act of shooting it when my foot with which I was bracing myself slipped. I lost my balance, falling forward

to my elbow, and the arrow fell harmlessly to the ground.

"Instantly one of the men called out, 'He nituwe hwo?' (Who's there?) I jumped to my feet with the exclamation, 'Oh, you are Dakotas,' and joined them.

"The one who called out was your father, and the other was a Santee young man. I stayed with them all night and in the morning your father gave me some crackers and I gave him some 'papa' (dried meat) and we each went on our way."

This is the story as the old man told it to me that pleasant morning and I was an interested listener. The next time I saw Father I told him the story and he recalled the occasion but he did not know how near to death he had been, as their visitor did not tell them. Indeed it is not likely that he ever mentioned it to any one until he told the story to me.

Those were dangerous days for a white man to be travelling in the Sioux country, and that Father realized this and was constantly on his guard is shown by his instant call in the Sioux tongue, "Who's there?" upon hearing the slight noise near at hand.

More than once on his trips from Crow Creek to the Minnesota country, Father encountered war parties of hostiles. The country was so unsafe for white men during those times that the white men who were living with Indian wives along the trails and keeping the so-called ranches or stopping places, nearly

all deserted their homes and turned in at the agencies and trading posts for safety. It is not to be wondered at that on these trips he sometimes adopted the Indian costume of blanket, moccasins and leggings. So Indian-like did he comport himself in gait, manner and language that he was seldom under suspicion, although meeting with war parties, the members of which, had they known he was a white man, would only too gladly have added his scalp to their already bloody collection.

He once told me of meeting a party of hostiles, the leader of which was a savage looking fellow. After some conversation he looked closely at Father and said, "You look like you might be part white man," to which Father replied, "Ho, wasicun ate-waye" (Yes, my father was a white man), which was certainly true enough, but as the expression is used by the Sioux, commonly implies that the mother is Indian. To which the leader affably replied, "I also have some white blood in me," and went on to tell how his father was descended from some itinerant French trader of the last century. And so they parted on good terms.

II. WALKING TRIPS

Father's training in long distance walking began when he was at Redwood, his first mission station in Minnesota, and continued until he was able to keep pace with a professional Indian runner and cover a distance of seventy-five miles in one day, as he did on his trip to the Scouts' Camp.

At Redwood he was thirty miles from the home of his parents at Yellow Medicine and he sometimes walked over to pay them a visit. On one of the first of these walks, old Napesni, with whom he lodged, accompanied him. They stopped over night on the way, the old man selecting the camping spot with care. They wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down in the grass.

In the morning when Father awoke at daylight, he immediately sat up and began putting on his shoes. At this old Napesni, who had risen first, soundly berated him. "You act like a boy who does not know anything," he said. "When you sleep out like this, upon awakening you must first look in every direction from where you lie. There might be an enemy in sight, and in this way you may see him before he sees you. Or there may be a wild animal, or possibly a rattlesnake waiting to jump on you if you move. I see you do not know anything, so I will have to teach you."

And so for the rest of the way and on many occasions thereafter, the wise old Indian devoted himself to instructing the young white man in all the cunning and woodcraft, the customs and etiquette of the old Indian life before it was touched by association with the whites.

One of the ablest and wisest of the Yankton sub-chiefs was Swan or Magaska, erroneously called White Swan. The third winter Father was at Crow Creek, a party of Santees received permission to

visit a band of Tetons who were camped around Fort Pierre. Word came that they were getting liquor from the white men around the fort, and that some of the women and girls were being led into lives of shame. Father went up there to see if the report was true and to try to persuade them to return to their homes although their leave of absence had not expired.

Meeting with White Swan

As he was making his way back to Crow Creek, afoot and alone, he came in sight of a large camp of Indians. He advanced slowly until within about a hundred paces from the camp, then stood and waited, according to Indian custom, for some one to come out and meet him. He had not waited long when the flap of one of the tents was thrown back and a man advanced to meet him. It was Swan, chief of the band of Yanktons there encamped. Notwithstanding the bitter wind and zero weather he was naked from the waist up, except for the buffalo robe, which, belted around him, hung loosely over his bare shoulders. The usual "Hows" were exchanged, the identity of each disclosed to the other. Swan and his band had been on a hunting trip to the buffalo country and were returning well-fed and prosperous. He was delighted to find a white man who could talk Dakota. There was much he could learn from him and he gave him a cordial invitation to his lodge.

While so expressing himself his robe fell back and as Father said, exposed the most magnificent de-

velopment of the human frame he had ever seen. Sleek and supple the beautifully rounded muscles of his arms and chest showed, as he stood, apparently unconscious of the biting wind.

He led the way to his teepee and upon entering immediately told his wife to give the white man something to eat. She soon set before him a bountiful supply of buffalo meat and broth, and when he had made a good meal, Swan wanted to hear what he had to say as to the probable policy of the Government towards the Indians, what they were going to do with the Santees, etc. Although it was early in the day, Swan would not hear to his going on, and their visit lasted far into the night. Father explained his mission among the Indians and tried to interest Swan in religion, but with little apparent success. The next morning the good woman of the house, or teepee rather, gave him a supply of dried meat for lunch and he continued his journey.

Swan and his band ultimately located at the upper end of the reservation some fifteen miles from the agency and he later became a member of the Episcopal Church which was established at his village. He always retained his friendship for Father, often coming to him for consultation and advice.

After settling at Greenwood, Father still took occasional walks. I can remember when I was quite a boy that he arose soon after midnight on a Sunday morning, walked the thirty miles to Springfield,

A Walk to
Church

crossed the river in a rowboat, walked the two miles up to the Mission chapel at Santee, arriving in time for the morning service, and preached the sermon.

His travels before the coming of the railroad were by stage or steamboat, his own conveyance or on foot. When the railroads began to come in, there were long stretches between that one must take in order

Walked to Save Time to reach the remote mission stations. If Father could catch a train, steamboat or stage at a certain place a day sooner by walking fifteen, twenty or thirty miles, he did so and saved the day's time. His walks were never undertaken with the idea of performing a stunt but always for the purpose of reaching his destination as quickly as possible.

Father retained his strength and endurance to an unusual degree late in life. When he was about seventy years old, as he was returning from one of his trips to Crow Creek, he showed something of his early strength of limb as well as his customary fearlessness and disregard of weather conditions. Having visited the churches on the reservation, he came in to the agency to take the stage to Chamberlain. It was in February. There was considerable snow on the ground and a storm was brewing when they left Crow Creek. The wind rose and by the time they reached Grosse, a country store and post-office twelve miles north of Chamberlain, the storm had reached the proportions of a regular Dakota blizzard,

Out in a Blizzard

and the thermometer was rapidly dropping to zero regions. The swirling snow made it impossible to see more than a few rods and the drifts were becoming deeper and deeper.

The stage-driver announced that he was through for the day. He would not tackle it any farther. Father, however, wanted to get to Chamberlain that night. The storekeeper and the stage-driver both tried to dissuade him from making the attempt, but he took his valise and struck off over the hills towards Chamberlain and was soon lost to sight.

It was impossible to follow the road, so taking the general direction he went on, sometimes waist deep in snow, sometimes fortunate enough to find a ridge where the snow was being swept off. Darkness came on but the wind blew him on, and he reached Chamberlain in time to get a good supper and was up in the morning to take the early train towards home.

Another walk a few years later called for even more endurance. On the 9th of February, 1909, a

severe blizzard raged over the south-eastern part of South Dakota. There was more snow and the drifts were deeper than at any time since the historic blizzard of January 12, 1888. Father was returning from one of his missionary trips and reached Wagner after dark the evening of the 8th. The next day while the storm was raging he remained at the hotel. The morning of the 10th dawned calm and clear, showing drifts

From Wagner
to Greenwood

ten to fifteen feet high in the streets of Wagner. He went to the post-office and found that the Green-wood mail carrier was not going out that day. Then he went around to the different livery stables and tried to get some one to take him down to Greenwood, but no one would undertake it.

So he left his valise and set out afoot over the unbroken roads for Greenwood, sixteen miles away. For some short stretches where the snow had blown off, the walking was good. Then again for miles the snow would be over knee deep, and crusted over so that it would almost, but not quite, hold his weight, which made the walking very tiresome as any one who has tried it knows. But he pressed on without stopping to rest, until within a mile or two of home he was overtaken by an Indian driving in to the agency. Despite his seventy-three years he seemed to suffer no ill effects from the exertion.

III. A RIDE THROUGH THE GUMBO

In the "Life and Labours of Bishop Hare," the inconveniences and hardships of early travel in the Indian country are vividly portrayed, and in one of his letters the Bishop says, "I find it hard to take the trail sweetly."

Father was early inured to frontier experiences and never seemed to notice the discomforts. The ranches were usually rough places, where liquor was sold and gambling was carried on day and night, but when the weather was bad, or he was not prepared for camping, he would stop at these places

without any hesitation, and find rest and refreshment in spite of an uninviting table and still more uninviting bed.

It was seldom that any of his children accompanied him on his journeys, but those of us who did take occasional trips with him were amazed at the change that seemed to come over him at such times. At home he was intent on his work, spending all but a few hours of each day at his desk, either writing, or talking with the Indians, who continually came to consult him on matters both religious and secular.

But on a journey he seemed like a boy on a vacation, finding something to interest him all along the way, taking pleasure in conversation with any one whom he happened to meet, no matter how rough or illiterate. He was always deeply interested in the development of the country for farming and stock raising and never tired of discussing it. He was a jolly companion to us boys at such times, teaching us to be resourceful in travelling and camping, and many tricks of the out-of-door life which he had learned from the Indians.

I remember in 1901 I started with Father on a trip of a hundred miles or more in a buckboard. It was August but in the midst of a very rainy spell. Our conveyance had no top but with raincoat and cowboy slickers we got along very well the first day, though when crossing a couple of creeks the water came over the bed of the buckboard. But the second day, the rain still pouring down at intervals, we en-

tered the gumbo country, and here our troubles began. The sticky mud rolled up on the wheels until they refused to rotate, when we would get out, clean them off and start on again. Fortunately we had a team of good young bronchos that had no thought of giving up, so we wallowed on through the rain.

During this time Father was telling me some of the most interesting stories of Indian hunting and fighting I have ever heard, but I was so distracted and worried over the situation that they passed out of my mind as soon as told, and I never could recall any of them afterwards.

The houses were miles apart and night was coming on. We had no camping equipment, as we expected to find stopping places at the ranches along the way. I was pretty nervous, fearing any moment we would stick in the mud or be unable to find a stopping place. But through it all Father was as cheerful and apparently as undisturbed as if riding in a comfortable Pullman with a good hotel in prospect at the next town.

Finally, in an especially deep patch of mud the overworked whiffletree broke in the middle. Darkness was coming on, but we had descried a house some two miles ahead. Only one of the bronchos was broken to ride. I offered it to Father, but he refused, saying he would rather walk. So leaving the buckboard fast in the mud, we made for the house, Father walking and carrying his valise and I riding one horse and leading the other.

There is no danger of being turned away from a

western farmhouse, whatever the accommodations, at a time like that, so we were made welcome. I remember how cheerfully Father entered into the conversation of the family, with what interest he listened to the farmer's story of how his cattle were swept from their feet in crossing a creek on their return from the pasture that evening, how he relished the evening meal which consisted of bread and clabbered milk only, saying that was what he was brought up on as a boy in Minnesota.

We retired early to the spare room which the family were fortunate enough to have, and after discussing the situation decided to return home. We were fifty miles from our destination and only one day to meet the appointment. Most of the distance was through the gumbo, so there was nothing to do but to give it up. There was to be a pastor installed at the Pahatanka (Big Hills) Church, but Father said, "There will be other ministers there. They can do it without me."

And then he spoke of disappointments in general, and the necessity of sometimes giving up one's cherished plans, and said, "No matter how your mind is set on doing a certain thing, if circumstances arise that make it impossible, do not let it worry or depress you. Forget it. There are plenty of other things you can occupy your mind and body with."

Father did not often speak to us boys in this way, and when he did it made a deep impression, as it did on me that night.

The next morning with the help of the farmer we fashioned a new whiffletree out of the bough of an ash tree, returned to the buggy, rigged it up and returned home without farther mishap.

IV. JIM SOMERS

During the trips to and from Crow Creek, 1863-1866, as well as in later years, Father usually planned to stop at the American Creek Ranch, which was at about the place where the town of Pukwana is now situated. Here he was made welcome by the proprietor, Jim Somers, who was a noted character of the early days. He was over six feet tall, two hundred pounds of bone and muscle, and afraid of nothing and of nobody. It was a favourite brag of the toughs of that time that they could lick Jim Somers, but it was noticeable that the boast was never made when Jim Somers was near. He could shoulder a three hundred pound barrel of pork with ease and yet was as lithe as a panther. His boast was that there was no house in the country that he could not run and jump to the roof of without touching his hands.

Jim Somers took a liking to Father, and great was his desire to protect him from disrespect on the part of the rough men who frequented his place. No matter where he was, if Jim Somers was near, Father was sure of respectful treatment. At his own ranch, if Father was there for the night, Jim would pass the word to the men in the barroom that there was to be no drunkenness, fighting or bad language, as the

preacher was there, and since Jim's word was law, it would be as quiet as a graveyard.

On some occasions when there were a considerable number of men around, Father would hold a short religious service. At these times Somers would request every one to be present and to be respectful, and so he would have a quiet, attentive audience.

After Father was permanently located at Yankton Agency, Jim Somers on his trips down the river never failed to come to the house and have a visit with his friend, the preacher.

IX

LITERARY WORK

THE greater part of Mr. Williamson's literary work was in the Dakota language. When he wrote in English it was to meet the demands of some special occasion. The extracts from his pen given in this book will, if studied, give some idea of his style in writing. Doane Robinson has said: "His simple diction was always impressive, and his faculty for speaking in epigrams remarkable. I recall my first conversation with him, nearly forty years ago, in which he said among other things, speaking of the primitive Indian, 'The Sioux was very religious, but he did not associate religion with ethics.' "

Mr. Williamson made it a point to keep posted on current events and religious progress, but his busy life left him but little time to indulge his taste for the world's literature. The Bible was to him the great source of mental stimulus as well as of spiritual nourishment, and in writing and speaking he used many figurative expressions suggested by his intimate acquaintance with the Book of Books.

His knowledge of nature was at first hand, and

his observations were often clothed with poetic fancy, as in this description of the coming of spring on the Upper Missouri, written in 1880:

"It was hardly light enough for the dew on the grass to sparkle, when the good steamer *Nellie Peck*, shoving out from the port of Bismarck, put her eager bow to the coming current and steamed away with Mr. Wood and myself on board, bound for the old Fort Peck Agency in Montana.

"The lovely month of May was in its teens; but the northern latitude and backward season had only now brought forth a tinge of green on the high tree-tops, while the lowly willows, already in full dress, were bowing playfully to the rolling bil-lows. The aged hills with their tops clothed in gray looked down with a dignified grace while the low valleys were rejoicing in their fresh carpets of green."

The open canopy of heaven was more to his liking than "gilded halls and marble palaces" would have been, had any such chanced to come in his way. In a letter written in the summer of 1873, inviting A. L. Riggs to accompany him on a missionary journey, there is this characteristic sentence, "I have no tent, and expect to occupy the open air."

"IAPI OAYE"

In May, 1871, Mr. Williamson started the *Iapi Oaye* (*Word Carrier*), a monthly periodical in the Dakota language, which has been published continuously ever since, and has exerted a wide influence in the civilization and Christianization of the Dakota

people. Mr. Williamson and Dr. A. L. Riggs both put much thought and effort into it.

On a little old hand-press, Mr. Williamson for several years printed a little sheet, *Napeyuza (The Hand Shake)*, which he distributed at New Year's time. The people liked it and said that if they could have their own newspaper regularly, as white people did, they would pay for it. It was to meet this demand that Mr. Williamson started the *Iapi Oaye*, giving it the motto, "Helping the Right, Exposing the Wrong," which it has kept all these years. The early numbers show an attractive little paper, with pictures, stories, interlinear Dakota and English lessons, news of the different agencies, churches and schools, items of general information, articles on citizenship, care of the health, etc.

For two years the paper was all in the Dakota language, but beginning with 1873 it was enlarged, and one page in English was added, not a translation, but matter intended to stimulate the interest of white people in missionary work for the Indians. Dr. S. R. Riggs became associate editor.

For some years the printing was done in the East. The copy would be sent in, the proof sent back and forth, sometimes getting lost, and once the printing office burned, so that there were vexatious delays. Mr. Williamson wrote to Dr. Alfred Riggs:

"The news is from two to three weeks later getting to our readers than if done at home. Editor and printer one thousand miles apart is as bad as sending to market for the beef-steak after you sit down to breakfast. News is news but once,

and even if better told and more comely dressed, people will take it fresh, as we know."

Another time he wrote :

"I shall want to know your and your father's opinion as to the usefulness of the paper. And I hope you will notice what good it does in your field, and whether you are better off than you were without it. Unless it does some good, I don't believe in squeezing my quill until midnight a many a time just for the little reputation."

In the issue of January, 1875, Mr. Williamson asked the English readers to renew their subscriptions, in this way :

"Hand-shaking Day (New Year's) is here again, and the eager Indians, without waiting to knock, fill our house to give the annual hand-shake, confidently expecting some accompanying token. Taking advantage of this custom, the *Iapi Oaye* at the commencement of the fourth volume confidently enters the homes of its friends, shakes their hands with a good heart and asks them to renew their subscription."

January, 1877, Mr. Williamson turned over the *Iapi Oaye* to Dr. A. L. Riggs, with a circulation of eight hundred copies among Dakota readers, \$300 having been received in subscriptions the preceding year.

Dr. Riggs in his first editorial said :

"The work of editing even so small a sheet as this is considerable. It has always been performed gratuitously. The burden of the work has hitherto fallen upon Rev. John P. Will-

iamson. At the last annual meeting, Mr. Williamson expressed his desire to be relieved from this responsibility that he might give himself more entirely to preaching the Gospel to the Dakotas."

With the beginning of 1884, Mr. Williamson resumed the editing and publishing of the *Iapi Oaye*, Dr. Riggs continuing the English part as a separate paper, the *Word Carrier*. Mr. Williamson fulfilled his dream of having the paper printed at home. He secured a Washington press and engaged as printer Alex Estes, a young man who had served an apprenticeship in printing at Hampton. Miss Nancy Hunter in a letter written March, 1884, has given a glimpse of the printing office that winter:

"Our printing press is working finely. We have just finished the February number of the *Iapi Oaye*. I wish you could drop into our log printing office when we are striking off the paper. Mr. Williamson and the printer take turns in running the press. Guy inks, Thomas takes off the papers and Jesse and I fold and wrap them. Indian visitors are coming and going most of the time."

In 1887 Mr. Williamson was obliged by ill health to give the *Iapi Oaye* into the hands of Dr. Riggs again, and when the Printing Department of the Santee Normal was established, under Mr. Lawson's care, it found there a permanent home. Mr. Williamson continued to be a regular contributor, and preparing the comments on the Sunday School lessons was one of the last things he gave up.

"OOWA WOWAPI"

In the early days of Mr. Williamson's teaching, he felt the need of a reading book to bridge the interval between the A. B. C. Wowapi and the Bible. He examined a large number of school readers, trying to find one suitable for translating, but none seemed to meet the requirements. So he set out to make one, using pictures as the foundation for some of the lessons.

He succeeded in making a book that was simple and progressive, and yet interesting and adapted to the Indian children. The verses and songs have an alluring rhythm that makes them fascinating even to white children who cannot understand a word of them.

The last lessons in the book are in script and are in the form of letters to the "Children of the Prairie," in which he tells them how happy he will be when they learn to read and write, and to follow Jesus.

The "Oowa Wowapi" became a great favourite and was used in the Mission day-schools for many years, until the supply was exhausted.

"DAKOTA ODOWAN"

The "Dakota Odowan" was the joint work of Mr. Williamson and Dr. A. L. Riggs. It was not the first collection of Dakota hymns. The early missionaries felt their need of a hymn-book, and before many years published a small collection, some of their own composing, some by the Renvilles and

others. These were sung mostly to familiar hymn tunes, some to French and some to Dakota native airs. When the first edition was exhausted, they added new hymns and made some changes. This process had been repeated several times when Mr. Williamson and Dr. Riggs were appointed by the Mission to make a new revision with notes, which the hymn-books had never had before. They worked at it for several years, giving it what time they could spare from their other duties, and in 1879 the present "Dakota Odowan" appeared, which has been used ever since in all the Presbyterian and Congregational churches.

In looking over the book, one finds that the hymns are all signed with initials, those of the early missionaries appearing most frequently, but also a good sprinkling signed A. L. R. and J. P. W., and a number with the initials of the Dakotas themselves, some of whom seem to have had a natural talent for versification.

It is not likely that there will ever be another compilation of Dakota hymns. The majority of the younger generation are coming to know and enjoy the English hymns. But it is to be hoped that it will be long before the present "Dakota Odowan" is forgotten and lost. In these hymns there is much of poetic thought and expression and a spirituality that seems to be a natural outgrowth of their wild life and hard experiences.

The weird cadences of the native airs seem to breathe a message from primeval forests and virgin

prairies before the prosaic days of Government rations. The hymns and tunes have helped thousands on the upward way. They are a part of the heritage of the Sioux, and should not be forgotten.

ENGLISH-DAKOTA DICTIONARY

While at Santee, in 1868, Mr. Williamson compiled a small English-Dakota dictionary for the use of his pupils and others trying to learn English, Mr. Pond printing it on the small hand-press.

He had in mind another and a larger dictionary, and began work on one about 1880. One object he had in getting the press at Yankton Agency was the printing of this dictionary. Alex and Joe Estes both worked on it, and Guy stayed out of school the winter of '85-'86 to help in the same work. The printing was finished in the spring of '86 and it was sent to Yankton to be bound. There was a great demand for this book and it was probably an important factor in bringing about the wave of English speaking which swept over Dakota Land with such apparent suddenness a few years later. It was also called for by whites desiring to learn to speak Dakota.

The supply was soon exhausted ; Mr. Williamson was even then working on a third dictionary, to be larger and more comprehensive than either of the others. He took great pains with the writing of this book, carefully comparing with Webster's International Dictionary and Dr. S. R. Riggs' Dakota-English Dictionary. It was no uncommon sight to

see him start on his missionary journeys with these heavy books carried in a strap, and at hotels and railroad stations he would beguile the hours of waiting for trains by writing dictionary. He also wrote an introduction on the grammar and construction of the Dakota language.

This dictionary appeared in 1902, a neat, well-bound volume of two hundred and sixty-four pages. It is now in its second edition and will probably remain the standard English-Dakota Dictionary.

LETTERS

Through the courtesy of Miss Olive Riggs, a package of letters written by Mr. Williamson to her father, Dr. Alfred L. Riggs, has been received, some of them dating back as far as Lane Seminary days. Extracts from a number of these letters have already been given, but one is noted here as shedding some light on Mr. Williamson's development.

The children and probably the majority of Mr. Williamson's associates remember him as being always cheerful and hopeful, and may have supposed, if they gave the matter any thought, that his cheerfulness and hopefulness were natural characteristics, not acquired. But there are passages in the letters from Redwood which indicate that in those days at least he had times of depression and inner struggle.

It was the dark period preceding the Outbreak, and must have been a time to discourage the stoutest heart. It was not only the privations and

hardships that weighed upon his mind, but the loneliness, the having no companionship of his own kind, the dense heathenism all around him, against which all his effort seemed to count for so little. It would not have been strange if at times the thought came to him that perhaps, after all, he was throwing his life away.

Redwood, Lower Sioux Agency, May 2, 1862.

Not a letter since you were at home! Well, well, this is a busy world, and still more it's hard and cold. It chills the nerves, steels the heart and crystallizes the sinews. It is but little I can write now. I am too cold, too dead. Still I would like to feel a little warmth from some one who has not quite frozen up. Perhaps I will thaw out soon.

And so you are through your course of preparation. Now it is work. You are just taking a leap, a dark one too, unless God light up the dungeon. So far you have lived, not in reality, but in hope. Living in reality is a very different thing, much more sobriety about it, sometimes a wonderful letting down. Well, I need not tell it over; you will find it out soon enough, as I have.

After the Outbreak, though the hardships and privations continued, and for a time increased, we find no expression of doubt or discouragement. It seemed that in that furnace of affliction God's way was made plain to him and from that time his faith never faltered.

Most of the letters written from Yankton Agency were business letters. "The King's business requireth haste," is the idea one gets from reading

them. There is usually, however, a line or two at the end, of a personal nature, an item of family news or a word of encouragement.

September 27, '76. Thomas and Co. (T. L. Riggs) passed through in good spirits. May his Texas steeds partake of the spirit of their owner.

October 31, '71. I hope to be down next week for two or three days. My heart still gravitates towards Santee.

March 15, '72. The little stranger in our house is a boy, but has no name yet. He's a fine fellow though.

June 25, '73. My wife is talking about going down to Springfield to spend the Fourth and giving your folks a visit on the skirts of that great day.

January 11, '71. It is school time. May God be your guide.

October 24, '72. Let us pray for the Lord's Spirit this winter to renew and sanctify us.

The last letter that Mr. Williamson wrote, dated a day or two before his last illness, was a letter of thanks written to the women of the Mayasan Church, where Mission Meeting had just been held. They had presented him and Mrs. Williamson with an elaborate quilt which they had made. He wrote in a firm, clear hand, expressing his appreciation and saying he would be proud to sleep under their beautiful handiwork.

X

LIFE'S MISSION FULFILLED

DURING his last summer on earth, 1917, Mr. Williamson seemed in good health for a man of his years, still rising early and working in the garden, writing letters of advice and encouragement to the native preachers and workers and taking an interest in the affairs of the family. He still preached frequently in the Dakota language and on alternate Sunday evenings in English.

He counted much on attending the Mission Meeting which met with the Mayasan Church near Sisseton, the first week in September. When the time came he thoroughly enjoyed the journey and the first part of the meeting. On the second day he addressed the large tent-meeting on the subject of "The New Birth," speaking for twenty-five minutes in the Dakota language with almost his old-time vigour. His powerful voice and thoughtful presentation of the subject made a deep impression on the large congregation.

His persistence in attending all the sessions of the Conference proved to be too much for his strength and he was hardly able to make the homeward journey. Nor did he fully recover during the weeks

following, and on September 22d, he was stricken with pneumonia.

During his illness his mind was much on the Indian work. His wandering fancy carried him to one and another of the churches that he was in the habit of visiting and he seemed to be preaching and holding services with them. Especially was Crow Creek, the scene of his early labours, much in his thoughts. After the Santees were removed from this place, a band of the Yanktonais was located there and in the later years it was one of the places he had visited most frequently. At the time of Mission Meeting, for some reason, perhaps owing to his own sickness the last days of the meeting, no native missionary had been appointed to that field, and it was left vacant.

In one of the early days of his illness, when in the delirium of fever, he insisted upon getting up and going to the home of Rev. Moses Makey, the native pastor, to attend a committee meeting which he said was to be held there, to select a man to be sent to Crow Creek. Mrs. Williamson told him he was not able to go. "But," he said, "it is very important. John Eastman has come and is there, and I must go."

When Mrs. Williamson found she could not dissuade him, she helped him to dress, and leaning on her arm, he walked to the manse about a block distant. When he found John Eastman was not there, he seemed satisfied to return home and went to bed

for the last time, but one of his last words was, "Some one should be sent to Crow Creek."

Sabbath, September 30th, was Communion Sunday, and the elders came bringing the elements that he might partake. Recalling his mind to the time and place, he raised himself on his elbow, spoke to each one by name, received the bread and the cup, and then addressed a few words to them, saying, "I eat this with you for the last time, and I lay this obligation upon you: 'Onsikicida po'" (Be ye kind to one another). Then he himself led in prayer and dismissed them.

In the early hours of October 3d the end came. As he had so often risen from his couch in the gray dawn of the morning, eager for the work of another day, it seemed fitting that his spirit should take its flight at break of day.

On the evening of that day the people came and gathered in a circle before the door, singing the familiar hymns and uniting in a season of prayer. Then they came in and shook hands with the family. Memorial services were held by the people each night until the funeral, and several of the members, elders and others, would come every evening and sit quietly through the night in the family sitting-room.

The funeral on October 7th was attended by a number from a distance, especially from Santee, as well as by a large representation of the Yankton people. The arrangements were in the hands of the native pastor and elders. The many beautiful floral

offerings came not only from white friends, but from the Indian churches. Rev. A. F. Johnson of Pine Ridge conducted the service. Rev. Moses Makey, pastor of the church, Rev. John Eastman and Rev. Francis Frazier spoke in Dakota, Mr. Eastman speaking of Mr. Williamson as "Father," and Mr. Frazier calling him "Cinye" (older brother). Rev. T. L. Riggs also told how Mr. Williamson had been a brother to him, Rev. Mr. Flockhart, rector of the Episcopal Church, told of his friendliness, Superintendent Leech of the Yankton Agency spoke of his relations with him as a citizen, and Prof. F. B. Riggs of Mr. Williamson as an educator.

At their own urgent request, the elders of the four churches of the Yankton Reservation carried the body of their friend to its final resting place on the hills, the ministers, both Indian and white, leading the way on foot. Though not planned, it so happened that in the inner circle around the open grave, nearly all were early pupils of Mr. Williamson, now preachers and Christian workers, and they joined with earnestness and feeling in the singing of the hymn, "Wait till Jesus Comes," the words of which he had translated.

There was no wailing, as would formerly have been the case according to old Indian custom, but a reverent silence, only the tearful faces and an occasional sob that could not be repressed giving evidence of the universal sense of loss.

Some of Mr. Williamson's friends have written

of their regard for him, and of the meaning of his life as they see it. The first three mentioned were among his early pupils.

Rev. Joseph Rogers who is engaged in missionary work in Montana wrote (translated from the Dakota):

“The one who brought me into the Heavenly Way has gone and left me. But I believe that he is waiting for me.”

Rev. John Eastman in his address at the funeral said (translated):

“Whatever I am at this time, I owe to him, and I think of him as my father. Whatever I have wanted to know, I have asked of him, and he has told me. Whom shall I inquire of now?

“He more than any one else had compassion on the Dakota people. He went with them in the early days, carrying his pack as they did theirs, oftentimes hungry and thirsty and tired, but he remained with them because he wanted to tell them the Good News.”

From the address of Rev. Francis Frazier (translated):

“He was the first one I heard preach the Gospel and was my first teacher. I was one of the young men whom he gathered around him and treated as younger brothers, so I have always loved him and regarded him as an older brother, and not myself only, but all of us older Santee men and women always remember how he lived with us and taught us to pray and to read, and we are very thankful.

“When I have seen him of late and have talked with him,

he has seemed cheerful and hopeful, saying, ‘I am getting old and feeble now, but the Christian religion has made a great growth among you Dakotas, and many ministers have been raised up, and I am confident the sacred work will keep on growing, so I am happy.’”

William M. Robertson wrote from Martin, S. D.:

“I have known him nearly all my life, in the old days at Hazelwood, and later when he used to make his regular visits for Bible instruction and song service at the Lower Agency. The Indians have lost a true and staunch friend.”

Rev. William Holmes, rector of the Episcopal Mission at Santee, has said :

“His work is all plain to me.”

Ben Brave, President of the Tribal Indian Council at Lower Brule, wrote :

“We are all in sorrowing to hear the departure of Dr. Williamson. We Indians felt our father has left us for long journey. He's removed from us, an emancipator of Sioux Dakota.”

Dr. T. L. Riggs has written of his lifelong association with Mr. Williamson :

“No life has had a more direct and greater personal influence in the regeneration of the Dakota Indians than the life of John P. Williamson. Doubtless the work of the fathers of the Dakota Mission in the reduction of the language to written form and in the translation of the Bible, has had larger and more far-reaching effect than that of any others. But of us who followed after them, no one has achieved greater results, which he himself was allowed to see, than Dr. John P. Will-

iamson. Growing up among the Indians, speaking their tongue, knowing their life and sharing their lot when they most needed a friend for counsel and help, his power among them was phenomenal. A Government inspector, not one of the best the service has known, once said to me that Dr. Williamson's influence on the Indian reservation was far too great for any one man, and that the Indian Bureau should not allow it to continue. My question regarding the possibility and means of suppressing an influence so widely known for good, and good results only, did not in the least change the opinion of the frothing inspector.

"It is not however of the larger issues and life of Dr. Williamsom, but rather of his personal relationship to my brother Alfred and myself that I would write. Had not my brother been called Higher over a year before the translation of John, he would speak for himself.

"The friendship of John and Alfred was something fine and deep and lasting. Such friendship defies analysis. That of David and Jonathan may have been like it, but no more perfect. The two men were very different in bodily and mental characteristics. Dr. Williamson was more of the missionary type, if there can be said to be such, as distinguished from the scholar. Both were missionaries and both were scholars. Dr. Williamson was especially a missionary preacher and pastor and my brother was distinctively a missionary teacher. Each recognized and appreciated the special ability and superior excellencies of the other. Friends and playmates in boyhood, their friendship deepened and grew richer through nearly fifty years of closely related work, and never to the end did this relationship become altered.

"To me John Williamson has been from early boyhood an elder brother beloved. He was to me, 'Cinye' (elder brother), and his responsive greeting, 'Misun' (My younger brother), brought warmth and cheer to my heart.

"When in 1852 my father and mother went East, my father to read the proof and look after the publication of the Dakota dictionary by the Smithsonian Institute, and Mother to visit old home scenes and friends in New England, I was left in the home of John's father, Dr. T. S. Williamson at Kaposia. To this day I recall the bitter tears I shed as the steamboat on which they took passage turned away and departed on its way without me. A boy four years old, however, soon becomes a part of new surroundings, especially such as opened to me in the Williamson home, where there was 'Aunt Jane,' who was wonderfully good to me, though I was always just a little afraid of her. Then there were the boys, the big boys, John and Andrew, and Smith of about my own age.

"Early the following spring I was sent to my first school. Probably I learned something, just what I do not remember. I do remember very vividly that as the days grew warmer and the green leaves and grass appeared, I stayed out from school one afternoon. I could not have had as fine a time as was expected, for as the boys went home from school I came out of the brush and joined them. I must have had some sense of not having done exactly right in playing truant, for I found that walking with John and holding fast to his hand made our walk home much easier.

"John talked to me very kindly on the way, telling me that of course I wanted to be a wise man when I grew up, and that should I be willing to run away from school as I had done, I might find it very hard to learn the many things a real man would need to know. The other boys were not so careful of my feelings.

"I have often thought of the way John put the matter. Small youngster that I was, it put stiffening into me, and on reaching home there was no need for any other to tell my story, for I was able to do it myself.

"And in later years, when I came to enter the work of the

Mission among the wilder tribes of the upper Missouri, I have found wisdom and strength when both were sorely needed, whenever I have been able to ask his counsel and listen to his words of cheer. It has often been my rich privilege to walk in close touch with him, as if holding the hand of my elder brother."

From Rev. E. J. Lindsey, long associated with Mr. Williamson in the Dakota Mission :

" 'Thy gentleness hath made me great.' I have so often and so long thought of Dr. Williamson in these words. His gentleness, patience and forgiving spirit under trial, provocation and intense labour was wonderful, but came from a wonderful Saviour and Helper in whom he trusted."

Dr. John Dixon, Secretary Presbyterian Board of Home Missions :

" He was held in the highest esteem by the officers and members of the Board for his lofty character, his great modesty and his unwavering devotion to the work to which he had given his life."

Rev. T. C. Moffett, D. D., Secretary for Indian Work, Presbyterian Board of Home Missions :

" Dr. Williamson's leadership in the Presbyterian Dakota Indian work impressed me very deeply when I was privileged to visit the annual meetings of the Christian Indians, also to be with him on two occasions at the General Assembly of the Church, and on an Easter Sunday to be his guest in his own home and church. Difficult problems required prayerful and patient attention as we conferred together hour after hour.

" His care in handling the financial matters of the Mission, his finely written correspondence, and his extreme consideration and courtesy for all who were striving to coöperate, im-

pressed me constantly. We laboured together in perfect accord and in happy associations."

Rev. H. P. Carson, D. D., Stated Clerk, Synod of South Dakota:

"He was always social, a sympathetic companion, a wise counsellor, a fast friend and a cheerful brother. He put first things first and ever kept his eyes on the great goal of his labours, building up the kingdom of God in the world. He was never contentious, but held his views firmly. His going and toiling were indefatigable, and his joy in his work beamed in his face.

"No man ever connected with the Synod more deserves to be remembered. No white man ever wielded such strong influence among the Sioux Indians nor rendered to civilization a greater service."

Dr. Calvin H. French, President Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida:

"Among the most helpful experiences of the years which I spent in South Dakota was the friendship which I had with the Rev. John P. Williamson, D. D. He had been a leader in the pioneer missionary work of the Northwest long before I began my residence in that region. Meeting him soon after I became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Scotland, I was at once impressed with his strong and earnest personality, and conceived the warmest regard for him and a genuine love which ripened and grew stronger as I knew him better."

Rev. Dr. E. Ashley, Archdeacon Episcopal Church in South Dakota:

"It is many years now since I as a youth first saw him in the early summer of 1874. Those were the days of small things, and it seemed impossible that much could be done to

Christianize and elevate the Indian race. But there were a few men of faith, 'giants in those days,' and John P. Williamson was one of them."

Rev. A. C. Warner, pastor Congregational Church, Springfield, S. D.:

"For all time the homes of the Dakotas will be fragrant with the perfume of a friendly Christian man who shared their privations and ministered to their souls for fifty-seven years. For to them in their darkness and ignorance there came a man sent from God, whose name was John."

Rev. John Tallmadge Bergen, D. D., pastor First Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis:

"In the Northwest the Dakota Indians will remain to become an integral factor in the Christian civilization of its future. To this end the life-work of Dr. John P. Williamson was given, and he lived to see a savage race converted into the kingdom of God."

Several have written of Mr. Williamson as a pioneer. Rev. A. F. Johnson of Pine Ridge, S. D., says:

"Dr. Williamson's career is an outstanding demonstration of Home Missions preparing the Western Frontier for civilization, which ever follows closely the blazed trail of the missionary."

Alfred Wenz, in the *Dakota Farmer*:

"On the prairies Dr. Williamson spent a life of over eighty years, crowded with adventures, hardships and toil, as he laid out trails for civilization. Since Civil War days he has spent nearly all his time along the Missouri River, pushing back farther every year in his work with the tribes. Such men are our truest empire builders."

Doane Robinson, Secretary and Superintendent State Historical Society, Pierre, S. D.:

"I can name four missionaries who have done more to preserve peace on the frontiers than all the soldiers of the United States, who have done more to promote civilization than all our commerce, and have done more to promote morality than many churches, and John P. Williamson was one of these. Born of missionary parents, the first white child in Minnesota, in 1835, the eighty-two years of his useful life covered the entire history of the Northwest, in which he was so indispensable an element. South Dakota owes to him a debt that can never be amorted.

"I last saw him at the Synodical meeting of the Presbyterians at Huron in October, 1916. At the conclusion of the deliberations of the body, the moderator said, 'The meeting of the Synod of South Dakota will now be closed with prayer by Father Williamson.' The impression his simple eloquence made upon me was, I am sure, shared by all in the vast assembly. It was, I believe, his last appearance in a state meeting.

"I am sure that time will only serve to magnify the value of his unselfish life."

Major James McLaughlin, inspector, well known among the Indians and in the Government service, has said :

"I was intimately acquainted with your father as well as with your grandfather, and am prepared to speak understandingly of their successful work in the missionary field. Your father's thorough knowledge of the language, together with his influence over the Sioux, enabled him to render valuable service to the Government at various times in the negotiation of treaties, and in explaining the provisions of legislation enacted by Congress affecting Indian tribes, all of which I am sure was fully appreciated by the Indians, and your father's memory will be

revered by those of the Sioux bands who knew him personally as their friend and benefactor."

Mrs. Edward Pond, who was associated with Mr. Williamson in the work at Crow Creek and at Santee, has written:

"I feel that earth is poorer for all of us who loved your father, now that he is gone."

Mrs. Henry D. Vannice, Flandreau, S. D. :

"After the children have written all they can recall of their father's life, how many, many things will forever remain untold, unknown by any but the Heavenly Father, who lets no act of kindness, self-sacrifice and noble service pass unnoticed."

General E. L. Huggins, son of Mr. A. C. Huggins, pioneer missionary with Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, has translated from the French of Victor Hugo the poem, "La Tombe et la Rose," inscribing it to the memory of his lifelong friend, John P. Williamson :

IN MEMORIAM

"What hast thou done?" said the Tomb to the Rose,
"With the pearls that Aurora each morning bestows;
The crystalline tears that so freely are shed,
Proud queen of the garden, to deck thy fair head?
Where are they now?" said the Tomb to the Rose.

"With the tears I distil," said the Rose to the Tomb,
"With the pearls that have sweetened all night on my bloom,
I distil all the day in the garden, perfume,
Ambrosial perfume," said the Rose to the Tomb.

"What is the doom," said the Rose to the Tomb,
"Of the loving and true who sink from our view
In thy cruel abyss, ever yawning for more?
Do they perish and pass from our sight evermore?
What is their doom?" said the Rose to the Tomb.

Said the Tomb to the Rose, "From the cruel abyss,
They ascend into regions of infinite bliss.
I change and transfigure the loving and true;
Their beauty refine and their youth I renew.
Blest Spirits of light in garments of white,
Pure pinions to heaven are winging their flight."
Said the Tomb to the Rose, "They are Angels of Light."

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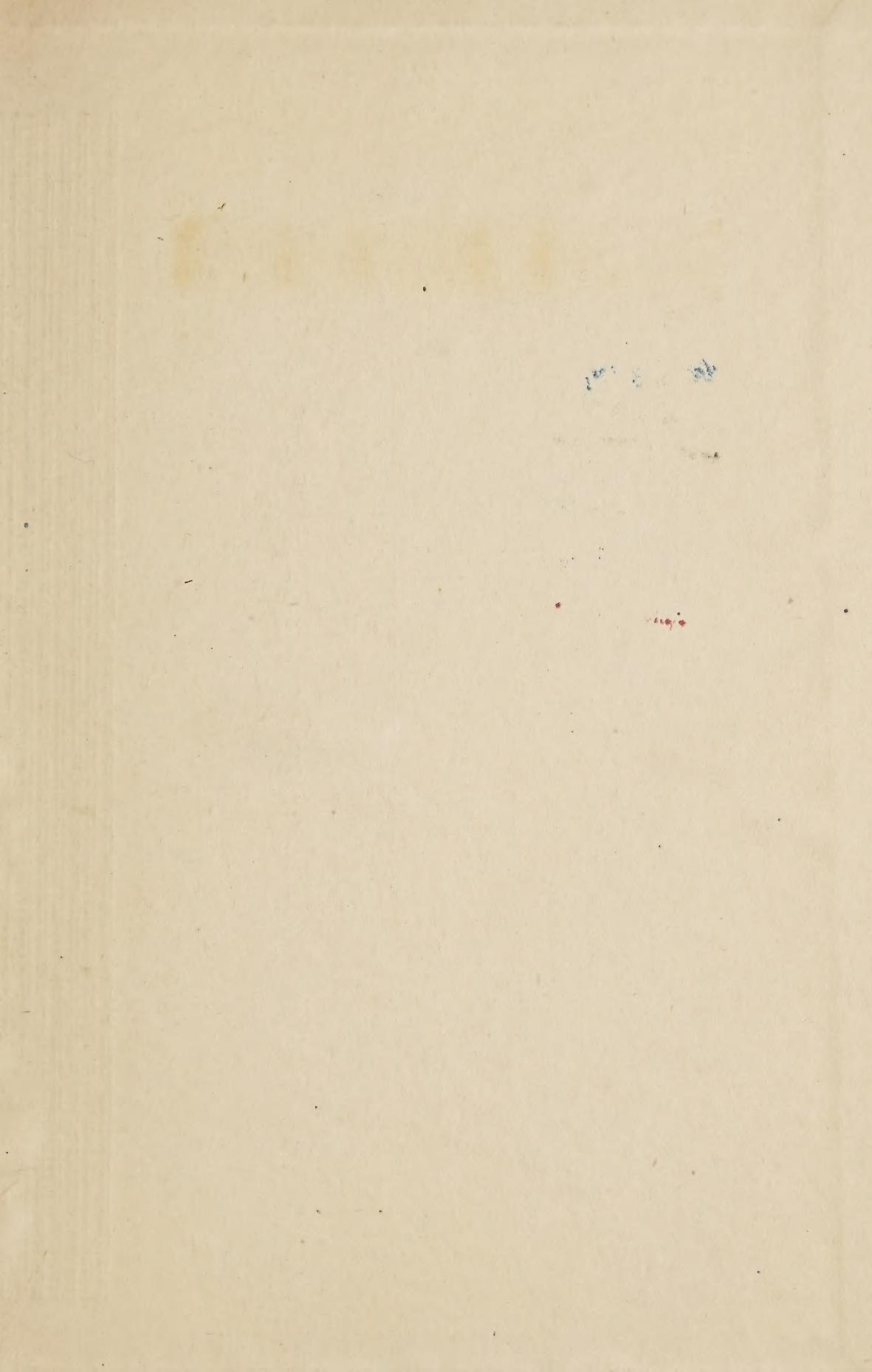
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